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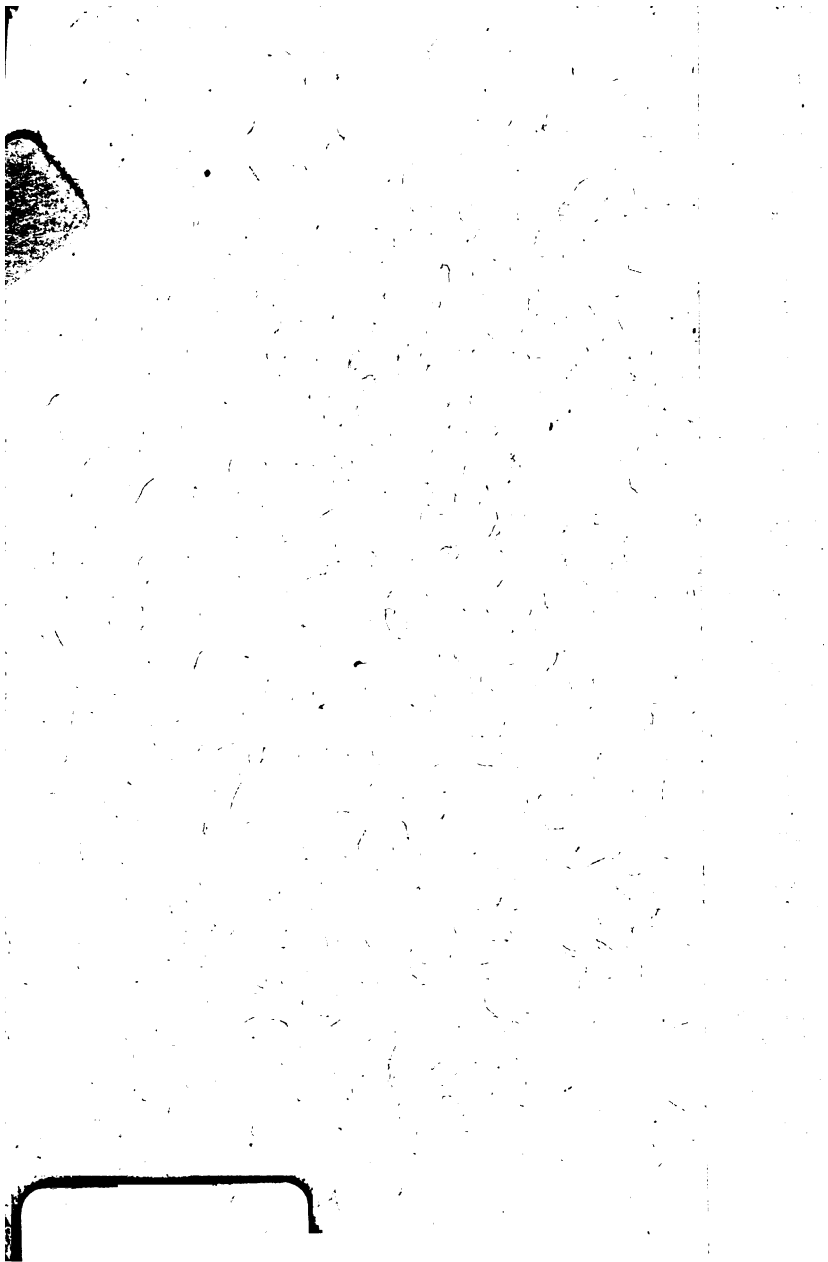
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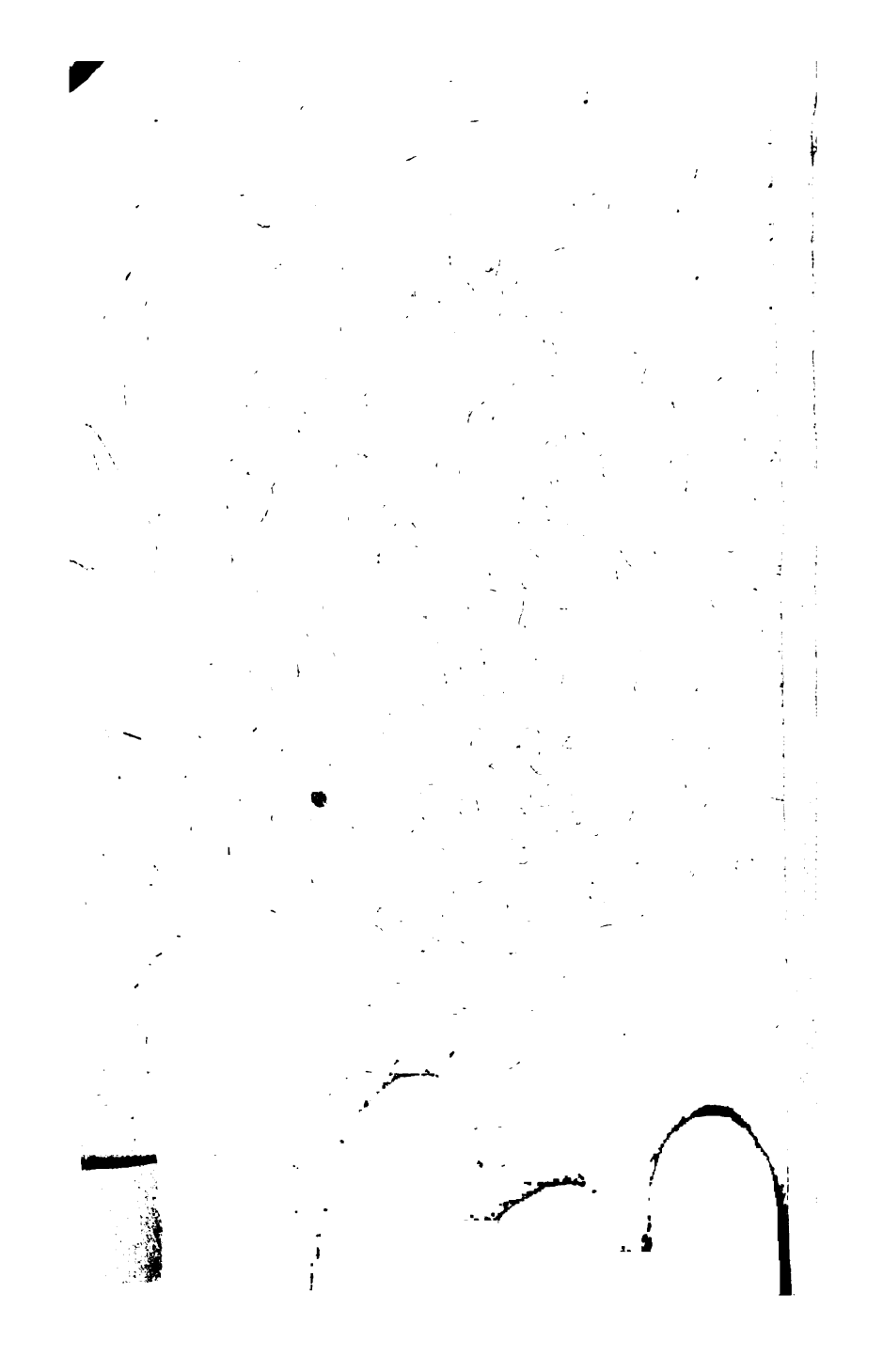


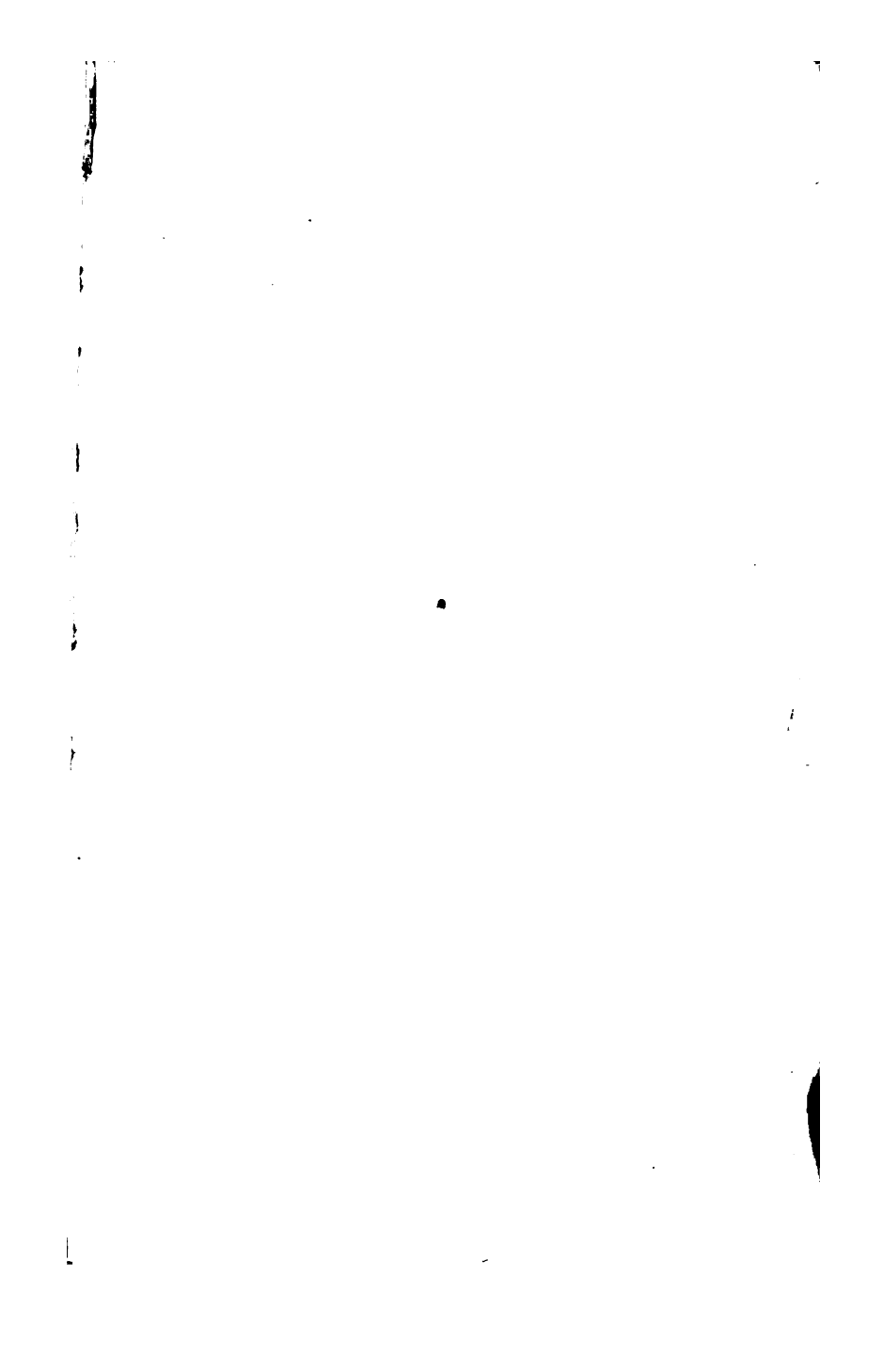
INDEX

Boone

1911









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GEMS FROM FABLE-LAND:

A COLLECTION OF

1  
FABLES ILLUSTRATED BY FACTS.

BY

WM. OLAND BOURNE, A. M.,

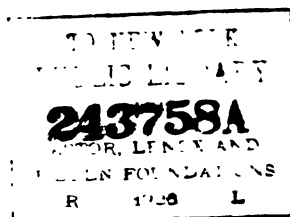
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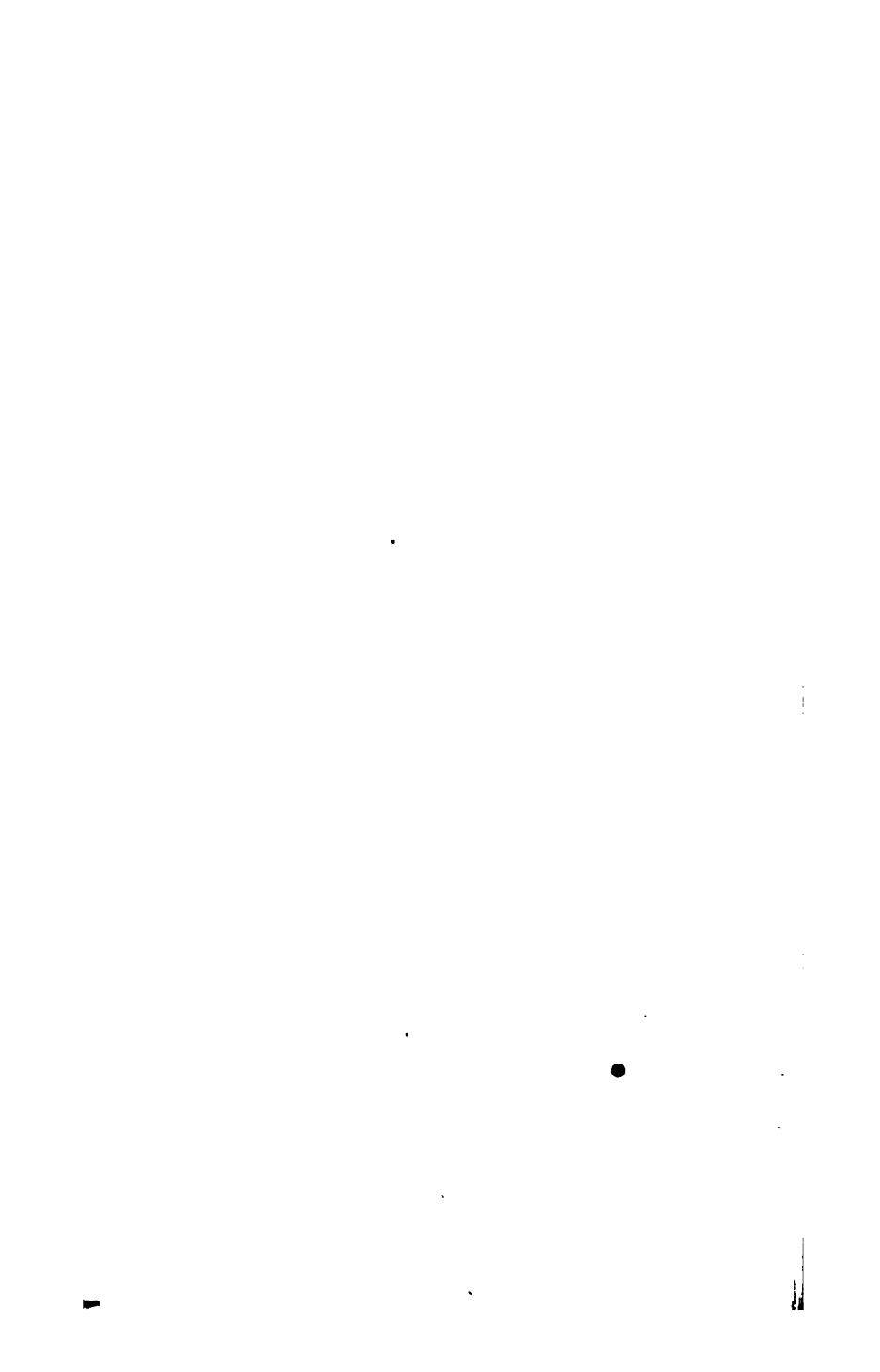


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TO  
**Samuel W. Seton, Esq.,**  
OF NEW YORK,  
THE FRIEND OF YOUTH,  
WHOSE LABOURS  
HAVE WRITTEN HIS NAME INEFFACEABLY ON THE HEARTS  
OF THOUSANDS,  
THIS VOLUME,  
AS A TRIBUTE OF SINCERE ADMIRATION AND REGARD,  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY  
THE COMPILER.





**FABLE** has been from a very early period, a favourite medium for the communication of instruction, and the enforcement of particular truths. From the earliest Fable of which we have certain record, Jotham's parable of the trees, (Judges ix., 7—21) and that of Nathan to David, (2 Samuel, xii., 1—6,) to the present time, this imaginative and beautiful department of literature and moral philosophy has been cultivated by many of the most popular writers of the most brilliant eras.

The grand purpose of all education is the improvement of the mind, the refinement of the feelings, and the cultivation and development of the highest and most exalted virtues in the heart and life. Without this grand purpose, education fails of its true end, and often leads to the most pernicious consequences. The education of the intellect which neglects the heart is as injurious in many of its influences, as external accomplishments when they take the place of mental culture. And an education of the heart and mind, which educates not the hand,—the physical as well as the intellectual—fails in the true ha



mony and equipoise of the various powers with which our all-wise Creator has endowed his children.

Fables have been used, however, for purposes other than these. Many inculcate defective or positively corrupt maxims and exhibit craft, artifice, expediency, and similar vices, as though worthy of admiration and imitation. However well calculated to display the ingenuity and genius of their authors, or however well adapted to promote their private ends, or to serve the times in which they were written, all such are to be condemned as a trespass of the unworthy and the base upon the enchanted ground, where Wisdom and her brilliant sister Imagination, seek to learn from Nature the meaning of her innumerable utterances.

The present work is an attempt to promote the highest object of education, in a manner altogether novel, but useful. It is designed, as indicated in the title, to illustrate Fables by Facts—to present one or more anecdotes of a fitting character, as real-life witnesses to the truth of the moral contained in the text. In its preparation reference has been had to the *moral* of the Fable, rather than to the *personæ*, yet it is believed that the correspondence in these latter respects will be found often to lend additional force to the Fable and its illustration.

An effort has been made to give the volume a practical value, in the greater freedom with which several important topics are illustrated. The dignity of LABOUR, Intellectual and Physical, the triumphs of INDUSTRY, SELF-RELIANCE, and PERSEVERANCE, the loveliness of TRUTH and HONESTY, the heroism of PATIENCE and ENDURANCE, the rich rewards of BENEVOLENCE and the curses of AVARICE, the nobleness of DOING GOOD and of OVERCOMING EVIL,—and many others, of a domestic kind, as OBEDIENCE to PARENTS and BROTHERLY LOVE—and of a

philanthropic kind, as **LEAVING THE WORLD BETTER**, in their various exhibitions of character and incident, will be found, it is believed, not only interesting but profitable to every class of readers, and particularly to the young.

Many illustrations have been taken from American history, and the characters of our own country, and of the present time, Several recent incidents which happily illustrate the Fables to which they are appended, have been preferred, where others would have served an equally good purpose, but these have been considered worthy of a rescue from newspaper oblivion.

Several of the Fables will be recognized as translations from the writings of *Æsop*. In these cases the name of the translator has been given, while the version bears, as the Fables of *Æsop* ever must, all the terseness and force of the original.

The work makes no other pretension to originality, than that of design; being a hive, so to speak, filled with golden sweets gathered from many sources. That it may meet with that share of public favour which must generally be regarded as the best evidence of successful authorship, is a natural desire of the compiler, while a realization of the hope that it may be found eminently useful as an aid to the instructor, whether in the school or at the fireside, will be his highest reward.



# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<b>FABLE I.—THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.</b> — <i>Wisdom learned from Nature.</i> —Wisdom taught by Nature—Diogenes exposing Pride—The Philosopher Outdone, . . . . .	18
<b>FABLE II.—PACK-HORSE AND CARRIER.</b> — <i>Merit Superior to Birth.</i> —Nobility of Birth no proof of Courage—Merit superior to Birth—The Humble Origin of Distinguished Men—Lord Tenterden—George III. and the Peerage—A Noble Reply—Cicero, . . . . .	18
<b>FABLE III.—THE BROOK AND THE FOUNTAIN.</b> — <i>Idle Splendour.</i> —John Pounds, the Founder of Ragged Schools—Lord Clarendon's Splendid Idler, . . . . .	23
<b>FABLE IV.—THE MISER AND PLUTUS.</b> — <i>Benevolence—Avarice.</i> —Edward Colston, the Bristol Merchant—The Benevolent Vicar—Losing, but Liberal—Elwes, the Miser—The St. Petersburg Miser—Avarice—Daniel Dancer, . . . . .	27
<b>FABLE V.—THE OLD HEN AND YOUNG COCK.</b> — <i>Disobedience—Obedience.</i> —Why that Man died in Jail—A Noble Boy—Washington's Filial Piety—Rev. Richard Cecil—Filial Regard, . . . . .	33
<b>FABLE VI.—THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE STORK.</b> — <i>Evil Company.</i> —Evil Company—Judge Buller—The beginning of Evil—Danger of Evil Company, . . . . .	39
<b>FABLE VII.—THE HUSBANDMAN AND HIS SONS.</b> — <i>Industry a Treasure.</i> —The Seven Shilling Piece—Cresinus and his Wonderful Plough, . . . . .	43
<b>FABLE VIII.—THE MOUSE AND THE ELEPHANT.</b> — <i>Folly Reproved.</i> —The Old Man and the Princess—Scoffers Reproved—A Vain Boaster Silenced, . . . . .	47
<b>FABLE IX.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GOLDFINCH.</b> — <i>Judging by Appearance.</i> —Respect to Old Age—John James Audubon—The Outside Passenger—A Sensible Girl, . . . . .	51
<b>FABLE X.—THE VINE.</b> — <i>Patience and Resignation.</i> —A Patient Man, . . . . .	58
<b>FABLE XI.—THE TWO SPRINGS.</b> — <i>Perseverance—How to Win.</i> —What Perseverance will Accomplish—How to Win, . . . . .	63
<b>FABLE XII.—MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.</b> — <i>Honesty.</i> —A Fireside Story about Honesty—The Quaker and the Countryman—Honesty the Best Policy, a True Story—The Honest Sunday-School Girl—The Ostiack Boy—The Widow and the Bishop, . . . . .	66
<b>FABLE XIII.—THE FOX, THE RAVEN, AND THE DOVE.</b> — <i>Failing to Practise.</i> —Rev. Rowland Hill failing to practice his own Advice—Luther Martin and the Young Lawyer—Peter the Great breaking his own Laws, . . . . .	
<b>FABLE XIV.—THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.</b> — <i>Gives not Pain to Others.</i> —Pleasant Surprise—Peter the Great and the Dwarfs—An Odd Thought, . . . . .	

	PAGE
FABLE XV.—THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.— <i>Notes and Beams</i> .—Alexander and the Pirate—Madoo Rao and Hyder—The Drunken Indian, . . .	84
FABLE XVI.—THE SENSITIVE-PLANT AND THE PALM-TREE.— <i>Affection and Reality</i> .—Never Well—Gustavus Vasa, . . .	87
FABLE XVII.—THE LILY AND THE ROSE.— <i>Jealousy</i> .—Racine and Cornelle—John and William Hunter—Moliere and Racine—Castillo, . . .	90
FABLE XVIII.—THE LION AND THE MOUSE.— <i>Despise not Small Things</i> .—Do not Despise Small Things—Mohammed Saved by a Spider—Dumoulin and the Spider's Web—Merlin and the Hen, . . .	94
FABLE XIX.—THE BIRD-CALL.— <i>Falling into our own Snare</i> .—Talleyrand and Arnold—The Bandit of Goelnitz—The Hindoo Woman's Reply, . . .	97
FABLE XX.—THE OLD HOUND AND THE HUNTERMAN.— <i>Past Services Remembered</i> .—Joseph II. and the Superannuated Officer—The Horse's Petition—Negro Wit, . . .	108
FABLE XXI.—THE NEEDLESS ALARM.— <i>Never Despair</i> .—Aloise Senefelder—Never Despair—A Suicide Prevented, . . .	106
FABLE XXII.—THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND THE SOW.— <i>Slander</i> .—The Slanderer's Fall—How to Avoid Calumny—Phillip and the Athenian Orators—Boethius—Andrian and Ximenes, . . .	115
FABLE XXIII.—THE TOAD AND THE SPERMION.— <i>Birth and Industry</i> .—Peter the Great as a Blacksmith—The Royal Gardener—Heroic Perseverance—The Mechanic's Advantage—Example of Washington—Schiller and Nobility, . . .	119
FABLE XXIV.—THE ORNAMENTED BOW.— <i>Internal Accomplishments</i> .—How to Enervate a People, . . .	126
FABLE XXV.—THE FATHER AND JUPITER.— <i>Rebellious Prayer</i> .—The Rebellious Prayer and the Spoiled Son—The Father's Prayer, . . .	128
FABLE XXVI.—THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.— <i>Foppery</i> .—Swift's Hatred of Foppery—Frederick the Great and his Servant—Reason for Singularity, . . .	134
FABLE XXVII.—THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.— <i>Contempt for Literature</i> .—Gothic Contempt for Education, . . .	138
FABLE XXVIII.—THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.— <i>Labour a Relief</i> .—Blowing the Bellows, . . .	140
FABLE XXIX.—THE DIAMOND AND THE LOADSTONE.— <i>Activity Preferred to Rest</i> .—Active Usefulness Preferred to Idle Repose, . . .	142
FABLE XXX.—THE JACKDAW AND PIGEONS.— <i>Imposture Detected</i> .—Which is the Heir, . . .	145
FABLE XXXI.—JUPITER AND THE FARMER.— <i>Heaven Knows Best</i> .—John Adams and his Latin—The Mother and her Son—The Mother's Will, . . .	148
FABLE XXXII.—THE DISCONTENTED HORSE.— <i>Contentment</i> .—A Contented Man—Dr. Franklin on Contentment, . . .	158
FABLE XXXIII.—THE PEACOCK'S COMPLAINT.— <i>Contentment and Envy</i> .—Hunting for Contentment—Blessings—Contentment—The King and the Stable-boy—Envy of Dionysius—Mutius—Cambyces—Caligula, . . .	156
FABLE XXXIV.—THE STAG IN THE OX-STALL.— <i>The Master's Eye</i> .—Napoleon's Supervision of the Affairs of France—Cromwell's Vigilance, . . .	160
FABLE XXXV.—THE DOVE AND THE ANT.— <i>Doing Good to Others</i> .—The Way to be Happy—A Kind Act Rewarded—A Thanksgiving Incident, . . .	165

	PAGE
FABLE XXXVI.—THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.— <i>The Spendthrift Punished</i> .—The Impoverished Duke Degraded.—The Spendthrift Reclaimed.—The Beggared Heir.—The Calculating Spendthrift Outliving his Time, . . .	173
FABLE XXXVII.—THE HERMIT AND THE BEAR.— <i>Uncouth Manners</i> .—Rev. George Harvey, . . .	176
FABLE XXXVIII.—THE BROTHER AND SISTER.— <i>Mind Superior to Beauty</i> .—Haydn's Early Life, . . .	183
FABLE XXXIX.—THE FOX AND THE MASK.— <i>Beauty and Vanity</i> .—Beauty and Vanity—Vanity, . . .	186
FABLE XL.—THE HOG AND THE ACORN.— <i>Leaving the World Better</i> .—Leaving the World Better—A Noble Bequest—Why do you Plant Trees? . . .	188
FABLE XLI.—THE DOG AND SHADOW.— <i>Avarice Punished</i> .—Fair Award, . . .	193
FABLE XLII.—THE ELEPHANT, JACKAL, AND HIPPOPOTAMUS.— <i>Avarice Overleaps Itself</i> .—The Lottery Ticket, or Avarice Overleaping Itself—John Elwes and his Dead Servant, . . .	194
FABLE XLIII.—THE MONKEY AND THE CAT.— <i>A Cat's Paw</i> .—Franklin turning the Grindstone—Meer Jaffer and the British, . . .	199
FABLE XLIV.—THE REDBERRAST AND SPARROW.— <i>Imitation and Brevity</i> .—Bird Music Extraordinary, . . .	208
FABLE XLV.—THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.— <i>The Best Condition</i> .—The Happy Shepherd, . . .	206
FABLE XLVI.—THE FIR-TREE AND THE BRAMBLE.— <i>Dangers of Lofly Stations</i> .—Mensikoff—Kerkes—Cyrus, . . .	210
FABLE XLVII.—THE HAWTHORN AND THE PRIMROSE.— <i>Cares of Lofly Stations</i> .—The Prime Minister's Misery—Experience of Wotton, . . .	214
FABLE XLVIII.—THE OVE, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.— <i>Impudent Jokes</i> .—Dr. Johnson's Jests—A Poet's Crime and a Pope's Rhyme—A Woman's Promise—An Expensive Joke—A Berlin Joke, . . .	218
FABLE XLIX.—THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.— <i>Outward Shows Delusive</i> .—Lord Chesterfield's Testimony—The Duke of Athol—Disease a Relief, . . .	222
FABLE L.—THE WIND, THE SUN, AND THE TRAVELLER.— <i>The Power of Gentleness</i> .—A Man of War, or a Man of Peace; or, the Mutiny Quelled—The Maniac and the Infant—Deacon Hunt and His Oxen—Mob Quelled by Prayer—"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath," . . .	226
FABLE LI.—THE MAN AND HIS COAT.— <i>Kindness the Best Punishment</i> .—Kindness the Best Punishment—The Scotch Fisherman—The Quaker and the Little Thief, . . .	234
FABLE LII.—THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND WOLF.— <i>Curses of a Pretended Friend</i> .—A False Friend and His Reward, . . .	240
FABLE LIII.—THE SHEEP-BITER AND THE SHEPHERD.— <i>Treachery Rewarded</i> .—Treachery of Tarpels—The Traitorous Favourite—A Traitor's Reward, . . .	243
FABLE LIV.—THE FROGS WHO DESIRED A KING.— <i>Changing from Bad to Worse</i> .—Bare Feet and No Feet, . . .	246
FABLE LV.—THE FOX AND THE SWALLOW.— <i>Changing from Bad to Worse</i> .—Saved from Death by Rain, . . .	240
FABLE LVI.—THE LION AND THE OVE.— <i>A Lion Among Asses</i> .—Carew, the King of the Beggars, . . .	

	PAGE
FABLE LVII.—THE OUR AND THE MASTIFF.— <i>Lies Detected</i> .—Peter the Great and the Lying Husband—Extraordinary Result of a Criminal Trial—Lost Confidence—The Persian Boy and the Robbers—He Never told a Lie, . . .	255
FABLE LVIII.—THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.— <i>Ingratitude</i> .—Phillip and the Ungrateful Soldier—Singular Ingratitude—Indian Gratitude, . . .	262
FABLE LIX.—THE TWO BEES.— <i>Temperance and Intemperance</i> .—A Hard Case—How to Live Long—The Youth that was Hung—Advantage of Abstinence, . . .	266
FABLE LX.—THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.— <i>Slow and Steady</i> .—The Man with the Wheelbarrow, . . .	270
FABLE LXI.—THE COOKMAID, THE TURNSEPT, AND THE OX.— <i>Trust in God</i> .—Trust in God, . . .	275
FABLE LXII.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.— <i>Brotherly Love</i> .—A Touching Scene—George and His Little Sister—The Five Peaches—How to be Loved—A Delighted Mother—Brotherly Love, . . .	280
FABLE LXIII.—THE MISER AND HIS TREASURE.— <i>Avarice and Benevolence</i> .—Extraordinary Avarice—Jenny Lind—Cowper—Charles V. of France—Louis XVI., . . .	286
FABLE LXIV.—THE LEON, THE FOX, AND THE GOOSE.— <i>Flatterers</i> .—Bartholme and the King, . . .	292
FABLE LXV.—THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.— <i>Power of the Imagination</i> .—The Robust Invalid—The Force of Imagination—The Farmer and His Wound—The Condemned Criminals—A King Frightened by a Portrait, . . .	296
FABLE LXVI.—THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.— <i>Ingenuity</i> .—Ingenuous Expedient—Curran's Ingenuity—A Boy's Science and Ingenuity, . . .	302
FABLE LXVII.—THE FOX AND THE CROW.— <i>The Food of Fools</i> .—The Lawyer who lost His Oration, . . .	306
FABLE LXVIII.—THE AMBITIOUS GOOSE.— <i>Imposture Exposed</i> .—Joseph Vella, . . .	309
FABLE LXIX.—THE VAIN JACKDAW.— <i>False Pretences Detected</i> .—Sennitis and her Mock Elephants, . . .	312
FABLE LXX.—THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.— <i>The Hardest Fate</i> .—The Black Ewe—Bullen, the Rich Banker, . . .	315
FABLE LXXI.—HERCULES AND THE CARTER.— <i>Heaven Helps the Self-Reliant</i> .—The Wonderful Sixpence—The Reward of Industry.—Gideon Lee's Early Life—"Row On," . . .	319
FABLE LXXII.—THE ASS AND THE LAMB.— <i>The Rich not to be Envied</i> .—An Affording Contrast—The Rich not always to be Envied, . . .	324
FABLE LXXIII.—THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.— <i>Bonding the Twig</i> .—Early Habits and the Ruined Son—Edmund Burke's Early Habits; Work if you would Rise—"Never Since I was a Child"—Walter Scott's Youthful Neglect—Louis XIV., . . .	327
FABLE LXXIV.—THE TENTWITING AND THE ICEBERG.— <i>Poor Habits</i> .—The Disobedient Boy Reformed—Disobedience in Sickness, . . .	332
FABLE LXXV.—THE PROUD FROG.— <i>Attempting too Much</i> .—Pyrrhus and the Philosopher, . . .	335



FABLE I.

## The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

[FROM GAY.]

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,  
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain ;  
His head was silvered o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage ;  
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold.  
His hours in cheerful labours flew,  
Nor envy, nor ambition knew.  
His wisdom and his honest fame  
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep PHILOSOPHER (whose rules  
Of moral life were drawn from schools)  
The SHEPHERD's homely cottage sought,  
And thus explored his reach of thought:—



“ Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil  
O’er books consum’d the midnight oil ?  
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey’d,  
And the vast sense of Plato weigh’d ?  
Has Socrates thy soul refin’d  
And hast thou fathom’d Tully’s mind ?  
Or, like the wise Ulysses thrown,  
By various fates, on realms unknown ;  
Hast thou through many cities stray’d,  
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh’d ?”

The SHEPHERD modestly replied,  
“ I ne’er the paths of learning tried ;  
Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,  
To read mankind, their laws, and arts ;  
For man is practised in disguise,  
He cheats the most discerning eyes.  
Who, by that search, shall wiser grow,  
When we ourselves can never know ?  
The little knowledge I have gain’d,  
Was all from simple nature drain’d ;  
Hence my life’s maxims took their rise,  
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.  
The daily labours of the bee  
Awake my soul to industry ;  
Who can observe the careful ant,  
And not provide for future want ?  
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)  
With gratitude inflames my mind ;

I mark his true, his faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray.

In constancy and nuptial love,  
I learn my duty from the dove.  
The hen, who from the chilly air,  
With pious wing protects her care ;  
And every fowl that flies at large,  
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From Nature, too, I take my rule,  
To shun contempt and ridicule.  
I never, with important air,  
In conversation overbear.  
Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
When men the solemn owl despise ?  
My tongue within my lips I rein ;  
For who talks much must talk in vain.  
We from the wordy torrent fly ;  
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye ?  
Nor would I, with felonious sleight,  
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.  
Rapacious animals we hate :  
Kites, Hawks, and Wolves deserve their fate.  
Do we not just abhorrence find  
Against the toad and serpent kind ?  
But envy, calumny, and spite,  
Bear stronger venom in their bite ;  
Thus ev'ry object of creation

Can furnish hints to contemplation ;  
And from the most minute and mean,  
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

"Thy fame is just," the Sage replies ;  
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.  
Pride often guides the author's pen,  
Books as affected are as men ;  
But he who studies Nature's laws,  
From certain truths his maxims draws ;  
And those, without our schools, suffice  
To make men moral, good and wise."

MORAL.

Nature teaches the truest philosophy.

---

WISDOM LEARNED FROM NATURE.

AN Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining or betraying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired the virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man ; "I can teach you my secret with great facility ; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged of him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there ; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a place I shall occupy in it, when I die and am buried ; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more

unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed—where all our cares must end ; and what little reason I have to repine or complain.”

---

#### DIOGENES EXPOSING PRIDE.

DIOGENES being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, magnificently dressed. Smiling, he exclaimed, “This is pride.” Afterwards meeting some Lacedemonians, who were in a mean and sordid dress, he said, “This also is pride.” The keen observation of the philosopher enabled him to detect pride in these two opposite exhibitions of human nature.

---

#### THE PHILOSOPHER OUTDONE.

A LEARNED philosopher being in his study, a little girl came for some fire. The doctor said, “But you have nothing to take it in ;” and as he was going to fetch something, the girl, taking some cold ashes in one hand, put the live coals on with the other. The astonished sage threw down his books, saying, “With all my learning I never should have found out that expedient.”

FABLE II.

*The Pack-horse and Carrier.*

[From GAY.]

A CARRIER, every night and morn,  
Would see his horses eat their corn.  
This sunk the hostler's vails, tis true ;  
But then his horses had their due.  
Were we so cautious in all cases,  
Small gain would rise from greater places.  
The manger now had all its measure ;  
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure ;  
When, all at once, confusion rung ;  
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.  
A PACK-HORSE turn'd his head aside,  
Foaming, his eye-balls swelled with pride.

“ Good gods !” says he, “ how hard’s my lot !  
Is, then, my high descent forgot ?  
Reduced to drudg’ry and disgrace,  
A life unworthy of my race,  
Must I, too, bear the vile attacks  
Of ragged scrubs, and vulgar hacks ?  
See scurvy Roan, that brute, ill-bred,

Dares from the manger thrust my head !  
 Shall I, who boast a noble line,  
 On offals of these creatures dine ?  
 Kick'd by old Ball ! so mean a foe !  
 My honour suffers by the blow.  
 Newmarket speaks my grandsire's fame ;  
 All jockies still revere his name :  
 There, yearly are his triumphs told ;  
 There, all his massy plates enroll'd ;  
 Whene'er led forth along the plain,  
 You saw him with a liv'ry train ;  
 Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,  
 You heard the drums and trumpets sound :  
 Let it then, sir, be understood,  
 Respect's my due ; for I have blood."

" Vain-glorious fool !" the CARRIER cried ;  
 " Respect was never made for pride.  
 Know, 'twas thy giddy, wilful heart,  
 Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.  
 Did not thy headstrong youth disdain  
 To learn the conduct of the rein ?  
 Thus, coxcombs, blind to real merit,  
 In vicious frolics fancy spirit.  
 What is't to me by whom begot ?  
 Thou restive, pert, conceited sot !  
 Your sires I reverence ; 'tis their due :  
 But, worthless fool ! what's that to you ?  
 Ask all the Carriers on the road,

They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.  
 Then vaunt no more thy noble race,  
 That neither mends thy strength or pace.  
 What profits me thy boast of blood ?  
 An ass hath more intrinsic good.  
 By outward show let's not be cheated ;  
 An ass should like an ass be treated."

## MORAL.

Merit is superior to birth, and virtue is not hereditary.

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## NOBILITY OF BIRTH NO PROOF OF COURAGE.

CRANTZ, in his Saxon history, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed *Iron*, on account of his great strength, who was a great favourite with Edward the Third of England, and much envied, as favourites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some nobleman maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favourite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that "if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with only a night-gown over his shirt, he was met by the lion, bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl, not in the least daunted, called out, with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog !" At these words the lion couched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous project. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth

without casting a look behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had in this trial of his courage, "let him amongst you all, that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

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#### MERIT SUPERIOR TO BIRTH—THE HUMBLE ORIGIN OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

EURIPIDES was the son of a fruiterer; Virgil of a baker; Horace of a freed slave; Anayot of a currier; Voiture of a vintner; Tamerlane of a shepherd; Rollin of a herdsman; Moliere of an upholsterer; Rousseau of a watchmaker; Ben Jonson of a mason; Shakspeare of a butcher; Beattie of a farmer; Thomas Moore of a grocer; Rembrandt of a miller; Dr. Mibner, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhynia; Joseph Hume, of the British Parliament, was a sailor-boy. Thousands of such instances prove that birth is less honourable than true merit and industry.

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#### LORD TENTERDEN.

LORD TENTERDEN, who was the son of a barber, had too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. It is related of him, that when, in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister, with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origin, his manly and severe reply was, "Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber; if you had been the son of a barber, you would have been a barber yourself."

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#### GEORGE III. AND THE PEERAGE.

ONE of the liberal axioms of George III. was, that "no British subject is by necessity excluded from the peerage." Consistently with this sentiment, he once checked a man of high rank, who lamented that a very good speaker in the Court Aldermen was of a mean trade, by saying with his character



quickness, "What signifies a man's *trade*? A man of any honest trade may make himself respectable if he will."

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A NOBLE REPLY.

A YOUNG aristocrat taunted a member of the British House of Commons, who had won his way to a high position by industry and perseverance, with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well, sir," was the reply, "*did I not do them well?*"

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CICERO.

THE great Roman orator was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the *first* of your line," said the railer; "and you," replied Cicero, "are the *last* of yours."





FABLE III.

*The Brook and the Fountain.*

[From the Polish of KRASOŃSKI.]

A FOUNTAIN varied gambols played,  
Close by an humble BROOK ;  
While gently murmuring thro' the glade,  
Its peaceful course it took.

Perhaps it gave one envious gaze  
Upon the FOUNTAIN's height,  
While glittering in the morning rays,  
Pre-eminently bright.

In all the colours of the sky,  
Alternately it shone :  
The BROOK observed it with a sigh,  
But quietly roll'd on.

## BROOK AND FOUNTAIN.

The owner of the FOUNTAIN died ;  
 Neglect soon brought decay ;  
 The bursting pipes were ill-supplied ;  
 The FOUNTAIN ceased to play.

But still the BROOK its peaceful course  
 Continued to pursue ;  
 Her ample, inexhausted source,  
 From Nature's fount she drew.

"Now," said the BROOK, "I bless my fate  
 My showy rival gone ;  
 Contented in its native state  
 My little stream rolls on.

And all the world has cause, indeed,  
 To own, with grateful heart,  
 How much great Nature's works excel  
 The feeble works of art."

## MORAL.

Humble usefulness is preferable to idle splendour.

## JOHN POUNDS, THE FOUNDER OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

In an article on John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools, the *North British Review*, tells us that he was the son of a workman employed in the Royal Dock-yards at Portsmouth, was born in that town in 1766. At the age of fifteen he with an accident, which crippled him for life. A cobbler

by trade, he spent the greater part of his benevolent career in a small workshop, measuring some six feet by eighteen, in St. Mary street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen day after day, seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to the studies of a busy crowd of ragged children clustering around him. In addition to mental instruction, he gave these children industrial training, and taught them to cook their own victuals and mend their own shoes. He was unusually fond of all kinds of birds and domestic animals, and amused himself with rearing singing birds, jays and parrots, which he trained to live harmoniously with his cats and guinea-pigs. Sometimes he might be seen, seated in the midst of his school, with a canary bird perched on one shoulder and a cat on the other. But he was too poor to be able long to indulge in his benevolent fancies. When his scholars became numerous he gave up his cats and canary birds, and devoted the latter part of his life exclusively to the more intellectual employment of taming and subduing the "wild Arabs of the city." How applicable to him the immortal lines of Coleridge :

" He prayeth well who loveth well  
All things both great and small—  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
Both man and bird, and beast ;  
For the dear God, who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

The candidates for admission to John Pounds' school were always very numerous. But he invariably gave preference to the worst as well as poorest children—to the "little blackguards," as he called them. He used to follow them to the quay and offer them the bribe of a roasted potato, if they would come to his school. Well was he repaid for his unwearyed labours by the love and affection which these children bore to him. It is said that John Pounds' Ragged School had the following origin :—In early life he adopted a young nephew of his own, whom he thought he could educate better with a companion

than alone, and he accordingly enlisted in his service the son of a poor woman. Then another and another child was added, until at last he had collected around him a large school of boys and girls. Poor as he was, he established his nephew comfortably in the world, and during the latter years of his life he had no less than forty scholars. He died on the 1st of January, 1839, aged seventy-two. There was much weeping and shedding of tears at Portsmouth. The children had lost at once their father, and best friend, and most amusing playfellow; Portsmouth had lost one of her noblest ornaments—England one of her most illustrious patriots.

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#### LORD CLARENDON'S SPLENDID IDLER.

WHEN I visited a country neighbour of mine (says Lord Clarendon), in the morning, I always found him in bed; and when I came in the afternoon he was asleep, and to most men, beside myself, access was denied. Once walking with him, I doubted he was melancholy, and, by spending so much time in bed, and so much alone, that there was something that troubled him; otherwise that it could not be that a man upon whom God had poured so many blessings should be so little contented as he appeared to be. To which he answered, 'that he thought himself the most happy man alive in a wife who was all the comfort he could have in this world; that he was at so much ease in his fortune, he did not wish it greater; but he said he would deal freely with me, and tell me, if he were melancholy, (which he suspected himself of), what was the true cause of it; that he had somewhat *he knew not what to do with; he knew not how to spend his time*; which was the reason he loved his bed so much, and slept at all other times, which, he said, he found did him no good already in his health.' Lord Clarendon adds, that the unhappy gentleman's melancholy daily increased with the agony of his thoughts, till he contracted diseases which carried him off at the age of thirty-six.

FABLE IV.

*The Miser and Plutus.*

[FROM GAY.]

THE wind was high, the window shakes,  
With sudden start, the MISER wakes ;  
Along the silent room he stalks,  
Looks back, and trembles as he walks :  
Each lock, and ev'ry bolt he tries ;  
In ev'ry creek and corner pries ;  
Then opes the chest, with treasure stor'd,  
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard ;  
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,  
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.  
By conscience stung, he wildly stares,  
And thus his guilty soul declares :—  
“ Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,  
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.  
But virtue's sold.—Good gods ! what price  
Can recompense the pangs of vice ?  
O bane of good ! seducing cheat !  
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?  
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,  
And only left the name behind ;

Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;  
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill ;  
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts  
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.  
Who can recount the mischief's o'er ?  
Virtue resides on earth no more !"  
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,  
Plutus, his god, before him stood :  
The MISER, trembling, lock'd his chest ;  
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd :—

“ Whence is this vile, ungrateful rant ?  
Each sordid rascal's daily cant.  
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?  
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.  
Because my blessings are abus'd,  
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd ?—  
Ev'n virtue's self, by knaves, is made  
A cloak to carry on their trade ;  
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)  
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.  
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,  
Gold is the canker of his breast ;  
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,  
And ev'ry shocking vice beside ;  
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,  
It blesses, like the dews of heav'n :  
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,  
And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.

Their crimes on gold shall MISERS lay,  
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay ?  
Let bravoës, then, (when blood is spilt,)  
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt."

## MORAL.

Riches, well employed, are a blessing ; when abused,  
a curse.

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## EDWARD COLSTON, THE BRISTOL MERCHANT.

EDWARD COLSTON, at the age of forty years, became a very eminent East India merchant, prior to the incorporation of the East India Company, and had forty sail of ships of his own, with immense riches flowing in upon him. He still remained uniform in his charitable disposition, distributing many thousand pounds to various charities in and about London, besides private gifts in many parts of the kingdom. In the year 1708, he instituted a very magnificent school in St. Augustin's Back, in Bristol, which cost him £11,000 in the building, and endowed it with between £1,700 and £1,800 forever. He likewise gave £10 for apprenticing every boy, and for twelve years after his death, £10 to help them begin business. His private charities far exceeded his public benefactions. One of his ships trading to the East Indies had been missing three years, and had been given up for lost. At length she arrived with a rich cargo. When his principal clerk brought him the report of her arrival, and of the riches on board, he said, as she had been given up for lost, he would by no means lay any claim to her. He accordingly ordered the ship and the merchandise to be sold, and the proceeds to be applied to the relief of the needy, an order which was immediately put in execution.

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SIR PHILIP SYDNEY proved that he knew the world when he said that "doing good was the only certain happy act of a man's life."



## THE BENEVOLENT VICAR.

JOHN BAPTIST JOSEPH LANGUET, Vicar of St. Sulpice, at Paris, sometimes disbursed the sum of a million of livres in charity in a single year. When there was a general dearth in 1728, he sold, in order to relieve the poor, his household goods, his pictures, and some curious pieces of furniture that he had procured with great difficulty.

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## LOSING, BUT LIBERAL.

A WEALTHY merchant having lost by one shipment to the value of fifteen hundred pounds, ordered his clerks to distribute one hundred pounds among poor ministers and people ; adding that if his fortune was going by fifteen hundred pounds in a lump, it was high time to secure some part of it before it was gone.

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## ELWES, THE MISER.

THE mother of Mr. Elwes was excessively avaricious ; and though she had a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds which she left to her son, she *starved herself to death*. The son inherited the wealth and the avaricious disposition of the mother. At his house at Stoke, in Suffolk, if a window were broken, it was mended by a piece of brown paper, or by patching it with a small bit of glass ; and this had been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say what figure they represented. To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouse, or sit with a servant in the kitchen ! In the advance of the season his morning employment was to pick up chips, bones, or anything he could find, and carry them home in his pocket for fire ! One day he was surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with great difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose ; and when the gentleman wondered why he should give himself so much trouble, " Oh, sir," replied Elwes, " it is really a shame that these creatures should do so ; do but see what waste they

make. They don't care how extravagant they are." He would eat almost anything to save expense. At a time when he was worth eight hundred thousand pounds, he would eat game at the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that no other person would touch! As to dress, anything would do. He wore a wig for a fortnight which he had picked up in a rut in a lane while riding with another gentleman. *His shoes he never suffered to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner.* As the infirmities of old age, however, came upon him, he began to be more wretched. It is said that he was heard frequently at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money; nobody shall rob me of my property."

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THE ST. PETERSBURGH MISER.

A RUSSIAN merchant, who was so immensely rich, that on one occasion he lent the Empress Catharine II. a million of rubles, used to live in a small obscure room in St. Petersburg, with scarcely any fire, furniture, or attendants, though his house was larger than many palaces. He buried his money in casks in the cellar, and was so great a miser, that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his principal security in a large dog of singular fierceness, which used to protect the premises by barking nearly the whole of the night. At length the dog died; when the master, either impelled by his avarice from buying another dog, or fearing that he might not meet with one that he could so well depend on, adopted the singular method of performing the canine service himself, by going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his faithful sentinel.

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AVARICE.

LORD CHANCELLOR HARDWICK when worth eight hundred thousand pounds, set the same value on a half-crown then, as when he was worth only one hundred pounds.

The Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair-hire. He died worth more than a million and a half sterling.

Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver, and paying twopence for a dish of coffee in George's coffee-house, was helped into his chariot, for he was then very lame and infirm, and went home; some little time after he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. He had an income of *forty thousand pounds* per annum!

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DANIEL DANCER.

DANIEL DANCER seldom washed his face or hands, except when the sun shone; at such times he would go to a pool of water, wash, and lay down on his back to let the sun dry off the water, as a towel was an extravagance he could not possibly be guilty of! He carried a snuff-box which he filled by begging pinches from others. When full, he bartered the snuff-box for a farthing rush-light at a small grocer's, and this lasted till his snuff-box was again filled. His income was over three thousand pounds a year, about fifteen thousand dollars.





FABLE V.

### The Old Hen and Young Cock.

[From GAY.]

As an old HEN led forth her train,  
And seem'd to peck, to show the grain ;  
She rak'd the chaff, she scratched the ground,  
And glean'd the spacious yard around.  
A giddy chick, to try her wings,  
On the well's narrow margin springs,  
And prone she drops. The mother's breast  
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met—her son, she knew ;  
And, in her heart affection grew.

“ My son,” says she, “ I grant, your years  
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares ;  
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold ;  
I hear, with joy, your triumphs told.

'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread ;  
But let thy ever-wary tread  
Avoid yon well ; that fatal place  
Is sure perdition to our race.  
Print this, my counsel, on thy breast ;  
To the just gods I leave the rest."

He thank'd her care ; yet, day by day,  
His bosom burn'd to disobey ;  
And ev'ry time the well he saw,  
Scorn'd, in his heart, the foolish law ;  
Near and more near, each day he drew,  
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

"Why was this idle charge ?" he cries ;  
"Let courage female fears despise !  
Or, did she doubt my heart was brave,  
And, therefore, this injunction gave ?  
Or, does her harvest store the place,  
A treasure for her younger race ?  
And would she thus my search prevent ?—  
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event."

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,  
And pries into the depth profound.  
He stretch'd his neck ; and, from below,  
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe :  
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears ;  
The foe with ruffled plumes appears :  
Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew ;

Headlong to meet the war he flew ;  
But when the wat'ry death he found,  
He thus lamented as he drown'd :  
"I ne'er had been in this condition,  
Had I obey'd the prohibition."

## MORAL.

Obeys your parents, or 'twill be your fate,  
To feel repentance when it comes too late.

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## WHY THAT MAN DIED IN JAIL.

THE jail was a large, gloomy-looking stone-building. The windows were made strong by great iron bars fastened across them. But the inside was most gloomy. It was divided into very small rooms, only five feet wide, and eight long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door, with strong bolts and locks ; and when the jailer opened or shut the door, the hinges grated frightfully on the ear.

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money ; and the judges said he must go to the State Prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow ! Once he could play in the green fields, down by the cool spring, or under the shady trees around his father's house ; or when he was tired, he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself ; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed, and kindly nurse him. But now how different !—shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. Oh ! he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the State Prison."

am so sick. Oh ! if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much !”

“ And are you not ready to die ?”

“ O, no,” said he ; “ I am afraid to die.”

“ But why are you afraid to die ?”

“ Because I am such a sinner.”

“ There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, through Jesus.”

“ I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation ; but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die.”

I talked to him some time about his father ; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lips trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek.

“ Was not your mother a Christian ?”

“ O yes, sir ; and a good woman she was. Many and many a time has she warned me of this.”

“ Then you have had good religious instruction, and kind Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and taught you to pray ?”

“ O yes, sir.”

“ Then why are you here ?”

Said the dying man, “ I can answer you all in one word—  
I DID NOT OBEY MY PARENTS !”

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him, I came away, reflecting upon his awful condition, and the reason which he gave me for being in that dark and gloomy jail—“ I DID NOT OBEY MY PARENTS.”

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#### A NOBLE BOY.

A BOY was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. “ You need not be afraid,” said one of his companions, “ for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you.” “ *That is the very*

*reason*," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father would not touch me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than anything else." A boy who grows up with such principles, would be a man in the best sense of the word. It betrays a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

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#### WASHINGTON'S FILIAL PIETY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, when young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe that he will bless you." The young man who thus honoured his parents, was afterwards honoured by his countrymen, and will be to the end of time.

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#### REV. RICHARD CECIL.

WHEN Rev. Richard Cecil was but a little boy, his father had occasion to go to the India House, and took his son with him. While he was transacting business, the little fellow was dismissed, and told to wait for his father at one of the doors. His father, on finishing his business, went out at another door, and entirely forgot his son. In the evening, his mother, missing the child, inquired where he was; on which his father, suddenly-recollecting that he had directed him to wait at a certain do



said, "You may depend upon it, he is still waiting where I appointed him." He immediately returned to the India House, and found his dear boy in the very spot where he had ordered him to remain. He knew that his father expected him to wait, and he would not disappoint him by disobeying his orders.

#### FILIAL REGARD.

A YOUTH lamenting the death of an affectionate parent, a friend endeavoured to console him by saying he had always conducted towards the departed one with tenderness and respect. "So I thought," said the other, "while my parent was living; but now I remember with shame and deep sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is now too late ever to make any atonement."



## FABLE VI.

### *The Husbandman and the Stork.*

[FROM CROXALL.]

THE HUSBANDMAN pitched a net in his fields to take the Cranes and Geese which came to feed upon the new-sown corn, and caught several, both Cranes and Geese. Among them was a STORK, who pleaded hard for his life; and among other apologies which he made, alleged, that he was neither Goose nor Crane, but a poor harmless STORK. "That may be true," replies the HUSBANDMAN; "but, as I have taken you in bad company, and in the same crime, you must expect to suffer the same punishment."

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## EVIL COMPANY.

SOPRONIUS a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

'Dear father,' said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, 'dear father, you must think us childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to any danger by it.'

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter.

'It will not burn you, my child, take it.'

Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

'We cannot be too careful in handling coals,' said Eulalia, in vexation.

'Yes, truly,' said her father, 'you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious.'

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#### JUDGE BULLER.

JUDGE BULLER, when in the company of a young gentleman of sixteen, cautioned him against being led astray, by the example or persuasion of others, and said, 'If I had listened to the advice of some of those who called themselves my friends, when I was young, instead of being a *Judge* of the King's Bench, I should have died long ago a *prisoner* in the King's Bench.'

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#### THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

A young man was sentenced to the South Carolina penitentiary for four years. When he was about to be sentenced, he stated publicly that his downward course began in disobedience to his parents—that *he thought he knew as much of the world as his father did*, and needed not his aid or advice, but that as soon as he turned his back upon his home, then temptations came around him like a *drove of hyenas*, and hurried him on to ruin.

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#### DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

In the year 1832, there died in Essex, England, under very painful circumstances, a young man who had given promise of honour and usefulness. He was apprenticed to a respectable shopkeeper, who insisted on his always being at home at a certain hour in the evening. For some time he appeared very

attentive to his business, and was useful to his master ; but he unhappily acquired the habit of walking about the streets in the evening, and soon after formed most improper connections at a public house. He was seriously admonished, and at times appeared to feel the impropriety of his conduct, but the sins he cherished hardened his heart, and his irregularities became confirmed. At length, his master, on returning from a journey, heard complaints of his conduct, which led him to threaten that unless he altered he would cancel his indentures. He now felt that his sins were hastening him to the ruin against which he had often been warned ; he had lost alike the confidence of his master and his parents. Stung by the consciousness of shame and guilt, he went to his room and committed suicide, thus rushing into the presence of his Maker, uncalled and unprepared.



FABLE VII.

*The Husbandman and his Sons.*

[FROM CROXALL.]

A CERTAIN HUSBANDMAN, lying at the point of death, and being desirous his sons should pursue that innocent, entertaining course of agriculture, in which he himself had been engaged all his life, made use of this expedient to induce them to it. He called them to his bed-side, and spoke to this effect:—"All the patrimony I have to bequeath to you, my sons, is my farm and my vineyard, of which I make you joint-heirs. But I charge you not to let it go out of your own occupation: for, if I have any treasure beside, it lies buried somewhere in the ground, within a foot of the surface."

This made the sons conclude that he talked of money which he had hidden there; so, after their father's death, with unwearied diligence and application, they carefully dug up every inch, both of the farm and vineyard. From which it came to pass, that though they missed of the treasure which they expected, the ground, by being so well stirred and loosened, produced so plentiful a crop of all that was

sowed in it, as proved a real, and that no inconsiderable treasure.

#### MORAL.

Industry is itself a treasure.

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#### THE SEVEN SHILLING PIECE.

It was during the panic of 1826, that a gentleman, who we shall call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed, perhaps, in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co., but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to, a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier, for although he felt perfectly easily and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. "You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question, but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir," impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well!"

"Is it true?"

"Actually, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself: our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir, I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what in your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because if it would I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money dealer started.

"You seem surprised, you don't know my person or motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turn-pike gate through which you passed daily. My father kept that gate, and was often honoured with a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefitted by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments and I have done."

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you, 'thank you, and the same to you, here is a trifle to make it so;' and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever pos-

essed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, nor your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been on; your present brought good fortune with it. I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all." So this morning hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and brought it to you, in case it can be of any use, here it is, sir—here it is; and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson.

"In a few days I will call again;" and snatching up his hat the stranger throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll, it contained £30,000. The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop, but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike-boy is grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts, and industry has been well rewarded.

#### CRESINUS AND HIS WONDERFUL PLOUGH.

FURIUS CRESINUS as mentioned by Pliny, the Roman historian, was originally a slave. Having been made a freeman, he purchased a small spot of ground, from which he obtained, through his unwearied industry, much finer crops than many of the neighbours who had larger farms. This excited general envy, which his enemies carried to such a length, as to accuse him of employing magic charms to render his own grounds fertile and to impoverish theirs. The Edile caused him to be summoned to appear and answer the charge before the people of Rome. Cresimus obeyed the mandate, accompanied by his daughter, a fresh and healthy-looking girl, charms which appeared to greater advantage from the simplicity of her dress. The accused also brought with him the tools and implements of his profession.



His mattocks were remarkably heavy; his plough was of an enormous size, and his cattle were all sound and fat. "Behold!" said this truly dignified and indignant farmer, "behold my whole magical equipage! behold the charms which I have resource to! There are others, indeed, which I am not capable of producing before you; I mean the sweat of my brows, and incessant toils both of day and night." This native eloquence decided the matter; he was honourably acquitted by the unanimous voice of a numerous and applauding assembly.

FABLE VIII.

The Mouse and the Elephant.

[From the Italian of PRIMOZZI.]

A PEET young MOUSE, but just arriv'd  
From Athens, where some time he'd liv'd ;  
And daily to the portico,  
To pick up learning, used to go ;  
Vain of the wisdom he had stor'd,  
And of the books he had devour'd ;  
Puff'd up with pride, and self-conceit,  
And proud to show his little wit,  
Thus to an ELEPHANT, one day,  
He took it in his head to say :—

“ Nay, not so pompous in your gait,  
Because Dame Nature made you great ;  
I tell you, sir, your mighty size  
Is of no value in my eyes ;—  
Your magnitude, I have a notion,  
Is quite unfit for locomotion ;  
When journeying far, you often prove  
How sluggishly your feet can move :—  
Now, look at me : I'm made to fly ;

# **FOLLY REPROVED.**

Behold, with what rapidity  
 I skip about, from place to place,  
 And still unwearied with the race ;  
 But you,—how lazily you creep,  
 And stop to breathe at every step !  
 Whenever I your bulk survey,  
 I pity—" What he meant to say,  
 Or with what kind of peroration  
 He'd have concluded his oration,  
 I cannot tell ; for, all at once,  
 There pounc'd upon the learned dunce  
 An ambush'd Cat ; who, very soon,  
 Experimentally, made known,  
 That between MICE and ELEPHANTS  
 There is a m'ghty difference.

## **MORAL.**

When fools pretend to wit and sense,  
 And wish to shine at your expense,  
 Defy them to the proof, and you  
 Will make them their own folly shew.

## **THE OLD MAN AND THE PRINCESS.**

THESE were once assembled, in Doctor Michael Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons, some to consult him, and some out of curiosity ; among them were many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French Marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to dis- on the miraculous doctor ; but the latter, though

not acquainted with the French language, answered so cleverly, that the Marquis had not all the laugh on his side. During the conversation, there entered an old peasant, meanly dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach's. The doctor directly turned away from his great company, to aid his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The Marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose to his turn jokes against the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour, Michael, was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly observations upon his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'or, that none of the ladies would kiss the old fellow. The Russian Princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a salver. The Princess put twelve louis d'or on it, and had it carried to the Marquis, who, of course, could not decline to add twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant, and said, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country." Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him with the gold which was on the salver, with these words; "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a proof that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age."

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SCOFFERS REPROVED.

MATTY MORRISON, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of great laughter and humour. On one occasion, a young officer scoffed at the idea of its requiring so much study to preach, and offered to bet, that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without the least preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet and gave him for a text—"And the ass opened his mouth, and he spoke."—The boasting officer was little inclined to employ his eloquence on that text; and the humorous Morrison won the wager and silenced the scoffer.

On another occasion Mr. Morrison entreated an officer of For

George, to pardon a poor fellow who was sent to halberds. The officer offered to grant his request if he would in return, grant him the first he might ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this. And the officer immediately demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The clergyman agreed to it; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism.

Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was customary in the baptism of children, and said, "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church."

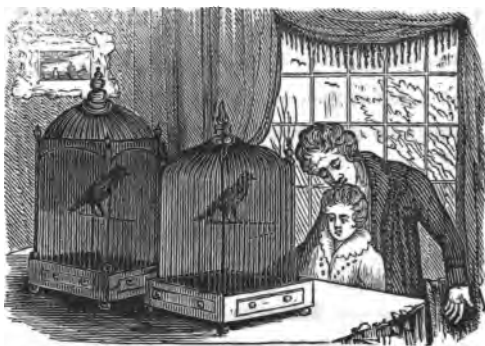
"Certainly," said the Major, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin by the usual question—you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer threw the candidate for baptism away. Thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the infidel, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

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#### A VAIN BOASTER SILENCED.

MR. CARTER being invited to dine, together with several other ministers, at the house of a respectable magistrate at Ipswich, a very vain person, who sat at table, boasted that he would dispute with any gentleman present, upon any question that should be proposed, either in divinity or philosophy. A profound silence ensued, till Mr. Carter addressed him in these words: "I will go no further than my plate to puzzle you. Here is a *sole*; now tell me the reason why this ~~fish~~ fish, which hath always lived in *salt* water should come out *fresh*?" As the bold challenger did not even attempt an answer, the scorn and laughter of the company were turned upon him to his confusion.



FABLE IX.

*The Nightingale and Goldfinch.*

[From the German of GELLERT.]

“COME, dear papa,” cried Theodore,  
“Come listen to this charming bird :—  
Sing, little warbler, sing once more  
The sweetest notes I ever heard.

And now, another bird I hear ;  
But not of music such a treat ;  
His note, though pleasing to the ear,  
Is not so strong, nor half so sweet.”

A lesson for his child in view,  
Of much more worth than song or tale,  
The father brought, in cages two,  
The GOLDFINCH and the NIGHTINGALE.

"Look at these birds, observe them well,"  
He said, "and try (I do not jest)  
If, by their looks, my boy can tell  
Which is the bird that sings the best."

How THEODORE the GOLDFINCH prais'd,  
With velvet head, and golden breast !  
He cried, delighted, as he gaz'd,  
"This is the bird that sings the best."

Then, turning to the NIGHTINGALE,  
"This little brown and dingy thing,"  
He said, "with dusky back and tail,  
I'm pretty sure *he* cannot sing."

The father cried, "I see the cause,—  
And, in the world 'tis likewise so ;  
*There*, oft will beauty gain applause,  
While talent must neglected go.

But learn, my boy, to wiser be,  
And ne'er in outward show confide ;  
Which often proves, as soon you'll see,  
A mask to hide conceit and pride.

Be talent, modesty, and worth,  
Your objects when you seek a friend,  
More to be prized than wealth or birth,  
On which mere transient joys depend."

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## RESPECT TO OLD AGE.

A YOUNG gentleman fresh from the college, who had more knowledge of books than of men, was wending his way to the Rev. Dr. C——, of Connecticut. The Doctor was extensively known and respected for his energy of character, his learning, and moral worth. But like the great apostle, he did not disdain to "labour with his own hands."

With a letter of introduction to the aged divine, whom he had known only by reputation, our genteel young friend was seeking the privilege of an acquaintance with him.

"Old Daddy," said he to an aged labourer in the field by the way-side, whose flapped hat and coarse-looking over-coat—(it was a lowering day)—and dark complexion and features, contrasted strongly with his own broadcloth, kid gloves, and fair person—"Old Daddy, tell me where the Rev. Dr. C—— lives?"

"In the house you see yonder," the old man modestly replied.

Without condescending to thank him for the information, the young man rode on, and soon found himself seated in the parlor of Dr. C——'s hospitable residence; and at the invitation of the lady of the house, awaiting the expected arrival of the Doctor.

In due time the host appeared, having returned from the field, laid aside his wet garments, and adjusted his person. But to the surprise and confusion of the young guest, whom should he meet in the Rev. Doctor, but the same Old Daddy he had so unceremoniously accosted on his way.

"It was very respectful in you," said the venerable divine, with an arch look, and in a pleasant tone—for the aged parson was not wanting in wit and humour—"It was very respectful in you to call me Old Daddy; I always love to see young men show respect to old age."

The confusion and mortification of the young man were indescribable. He could have sunk through the floor, and but



himself in the darkness of the cellar beneath. With a countenance crimsoned with blushes, he began to stammer out an apology for his incivility.

"No apology," said the Doctor very pleasantly. "No apology; I always love to see respect shown to old age."

But the kindness and assiduity of the family could not relieve the unpleasantness of his situation; a sense of the mortifying blunder he had committed, marred all the anticipated pleasure of the interview, and he was glad to take his leave as soon as he could do it with decency.

This item of his experience was no doubt a valuable lesson to him. And if young readers will learn from this story not to judge of a man's worth by the dress he has on, it will be a good lesson to them, and possibly save them from many mistakes.

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#### JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

A few years ago, there arrived at the hotel erected near the Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods. His dress, which was made of leather, seemed dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of the needle-woman for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long, rusty tin box on the other; and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the dark, thick locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators, seemingly half-civilized, half-savage, had a quick-glancing eye—an elastic firm movement, that would, no doubt, cut its way through the brakes both of the wilderness and of society. He pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly

looked round for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance at that apparition which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visitors ; but a few words whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts. The stranger took his place in the company—some staring, some shrugging, and some even laughing outright.

Yet, readers, there was more in that single man than in all the rest of the throng. He was an American woodsman, as he called himself ; he was a true genuine son of nature, yet he who had been entertained with distinction at the table of princes ; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence ; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them ; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater even than they, shall be utterly perished. From every hill-top, and every deep shady grove, the birds—those blossoms of the air—will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with its matin hymn about our houses ; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows ; the turtle-dove roll it through the forests ; the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the air ; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits in his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempest and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, the ornithologist.

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#### THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

SOME years ago, a young lady who was going into a northern country, took a seat in a stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone ; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess for the grand children of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table.

The young lady  
"Here is  
passenger." I  
The  
passenger

the castle  
there was not such  
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Not many years since a lady representative in her character  
and good from We  
of a lawyer and member of Congress  
was placed at a young lady's boarding-

school in the neighbourhood of Boston. Her unaffected manners soon attracted the attention, and won the affections of many of the young ladies, who were full of their kind offices, until one day they inquired of each other the occupation of their fathers. Our fair friend perceiving the drift of their inquiries, gave them to understand that her father was a shoemaker, when many of them were struck at her low and vulgar origin, and a change was at once perceptible in their conduct towards her. She, however, though fully understanding them, remained quiet. After a while, the father of the young lady visited her and the school.

As he was a good-looking man, and as they observed that the Principal and others treated him with great deference and respect, the scholars were led to inquire of their instructress who he was, and what his business; and on being told that he was the father of Miss H——, and that he was a member of Congress, they were filled with amazement, and immediately made the attempt to renew their attentions as formerly; but it was too late; she looked upon their conduct with such perfect contempt, that they were obliged to keep at a respectable distance, while those who had treated her with kindness, without regard to her father's supposed occupation, were, ever after, her favourites. May the time soon come when modest worth shall be a standard of respect, whether the individual is rich or poor—learned or unlearned—a member of Congress or a humble shoemaker.



FABLE X.

The Vine.

[From the German of HERDER.]

THE trees were making each its boast  
Of beauty, worth, and power ;  
Each vainly thought itself the most  
Excelling shrub and flower.

The Cedar, of its firmness proud,  
Its fragrance and duration,  
Look'd down upon the leafy crowd,  
Bold in its rank and station.

The Palm thus claim'd from all, the meed  
Of homage and of duty :  
“ In two great points I all exceed,—  
Utility and beauty.”

The Fir, the Maple, and the Pine,  
By strength of form protected,  
Look'd down, with scorn, upon the VINE,  
Weak, helpless, and dejected.

"Alas! I own my feebleness;  
No friend," she cried, "is near me;  
Oh! who will pity my distress?  
Ah! nought have I to cheer me.

No branch, no blossom, fruit or stem,  
Like other trees possessing;  
I sigh when I compare with them,—  
Now, is it not distressing?

But, hold! I will not make complaint  
Submission has been taught me;  
And though neglected, weak, and faint,  
Yet patience shall support me.

On cheering hope my trust relies;  
I know (though long I've waited)  
But for some purpose good and wise,  
I ne'er had been created."

The Farmer saw the drooping VINE,  
And set it near his bower;  
Supported there, it grew, to shine  
In beauty, worth, and power.

A clust'ring store (delicious wealth)  
 Its leaves were soon displaying:  
 With comfort, cheerfulness, and health,  
 The Farmer's care repaying.

For the rich treasure of the Vine  
 Enlivens ev'ry station  
 With its rich fruit and cheering wine;  
 Both good, in moderation.

And now the Farmer daily sees  
 His charity rewarded;  
 The Vine's reward for patient hope,  
 I have above recorded.

#### MORAL.

Patience and regeneration are sure to meet their reward.

#### A PATIENT MAN.

Some time ago in St. Paul's Church-yard, that famous place  
 of London, there was a dry goods store, the  
 partners of the house, and all  
 were known for their respectful and indulgent com-  
 munication. His clerk had earned the appellation "of the  
 man." He had never been known to lose his temper, or  
 under the trying tedium of a lady's  
 remarks.  
 One day a lady determined she would test  
 another lady to accompany her,  
 in her elegant carriage, with  
 splendid livery, to the store,

She first desired to see some satins, and after handing down all that were there, none of them suited her. She then requested to be shown the velvets. These were as little to her mind; and they were left for muslins. These were unfortunate in price and quality, or breadth or length, or something, and she asked to see some ribbons. Some were too plain, and others too much fringed; some were too narrow, and others were too broad. At length she bought a yard of calico, and paid the price, (and not without grumbling), one shilling.

The patient man folded it up, handed her to her carriage, and politely bowing, went back to his counter, and put up his satins, velvets, muslins, ribbons, calicoes, etc., an occupation costing him an hour or more.

"He is a patient man," exclaimed the lady, when she had relaxed the tension of her face and mind, which had been requisite to the performance of her part. "He is deserving of encouragement; I will return to-morrow, and *really* purchase."

She went again, and singling him out, she pleasantly apologized for her behaviour yesterday, and said she *meant to buy* to-day. He said there needed no apology; he never wished to sell what the ladies did not wish to buy.

She now had down the satins, and took a piece—she looked the velvet over, and selected the best piece. She took two or three pieces of muslin, and several rolls of ribbon. Selecting other things, she made up an amount of £50, for which she gave her banker's check, and asked the favour of the partners, for the patient man to go home with the goods.

He went with her, and as the carriage drove along, she asked him "Why do you not go into business for yourself?" "I have no capital," he replied.

She told him that if he would select a place where business could be done, she would assist him to set up in a good store, and promised to secure him many families.

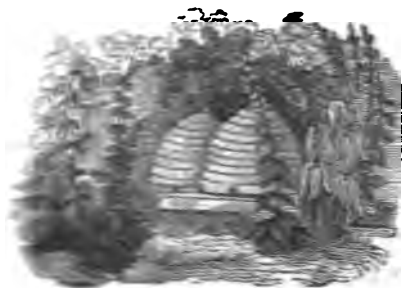
He was not prepared for this, and pleaded inexperience, and his fears of failure. She insisted that his indomitable patience would surmount all difficulties, and she would run all risks if



62

He wished to tell his worthy employees and at their conference. She consented; and they advised him to accept the offer.

They sent her own surveyor and her lawyer with him. They chose a place in Ladgate Hill. She advanced £2,000 and backed his credit for £2,000 more. He continued and was successful. He took in partners, and in three years retired from the Ladgate Hill "Great Shawl Establishment" with forty thousand pounds. The basis of all this was the patient virtue of the resigned and faithful clerk.



## FABLE XL.

### *The Two Springs.*

[From DODSLEY.]

TWO SPRINGS, which issued from the same mountain, began their course together: one of them took her way in a silent and gentle stream, while the other rushed along with a sounding and rapid current. "Sister," said the latter, "at the rate you move, you will probably be dried up, before you advance much farther; whereas, for myself, I will venture a wager, that, within two or three hundred furlongs, I shall become navigable; and, after distributing commerce and wealth wherever I flow, I shall majestically proceed to pay my tribute to the ocean. So, farewell, dear sister! and patiently submit to your fate."

Her sister made no reply; but, calmly descending to the meadows below, increased her stream, by numberless little rills, which she collected in her progress, till, at length, she was enabled to rise into a considerable river; whilst the proud stream, who had the vanity to depend solely upon her own sufficiency, continued a shallow brook; and was glad, at last,

**CHAPTER I**

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE

**CHAPTER II**

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE

**CHAPTER III**

THE THIRD PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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mastered the contents of that compendium of common law, he pursued his researches into other elementary works.

Having thus, by great diligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer who had left the practice, or whose practice had left him, with whom he made a bargain for his secretary and library, for which he was to pay him one hundred and twenty dollars in carpenter work. The chief part of the job to be done in payment for these old, musty books, was dressing and laying down a floor at three dollars per square of ten feet.

The library paid for, our hero dropped the adze, plane, and trowel, and we soon after hear of him as one of the most prominent members of the Mississippi bar, and an able statesman and orator. "I heard him one day," says one, "make two speeches in succession, each of three hours length, to the same audience, and not a movement testified any weariness on the part of a single auditor; and during his delivery, the assembly seemed swayed by the orator as weeds before the wind."

That poor farm-boy became a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is PATRICK W. TOMPKINS. He is a self-made man, and his history shows what an humble boy can do when he is determined to TRY.

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#### HOW TO WIN.

A MAN who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied—"My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity."

Let every one who reads this, go and do likewise, and he will meet a similar reward.



TABLE II.

### REMARKS ON THE HATCHET.

[From Journal.]

A MAN was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and, by chance, let his hatchet slip out of his hand, which dropped into the water, and immediately sank to the bottom. Being, therefore, in great distress for the loss of it, he sat down and bemoaned himself most lamentably.

Upon this, MUNCUK appeared to him, and being informed of the cause of his complaint, dived to the bottom of the river, and coming up again, showed the man a golden hatchet, demanding if that were his. He denied that it was. Upon which, MUNCUK dived a second time, and brought up a silver one. The man refused it. MUNCUK, likewise, that this was not his. He dived a third time, and fetched up the individual

hatchet the man had lost: upon sight of which the poor wretch was overjoyed, and took it with all humility and thankfulness. MERCURY was so pleased with the fellow's honesty, that he gave him the other two into the bargain, as a reward for his just dealing.

The man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened, one of them went presently to the river's side, and let his hatchet fall, designedly, into the stream. Then sitting down upon the bank, he fell a weeping and lamenting, as if he had been really and sorely afflicted. MERCURY appeared as before, and diving, brought him up a golden hatchet, asking if that was the hatchet he lost. Transported at the precious metal, he answered, "Yes!" and went to snatch it greedily. But the god, detesting his abominable impudence, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as let him have his own hatchet again.

#### MORAL.

Honesty is the best policy.

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#### A FIRESIDE STORY ABOUT HONESTY.

ONE evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way-side near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took out a loaf of bread which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you.—You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me; and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done." "You spr

CHAPTER.

... dearer father: "your love to me  
... my food; and those eyes of yours  
... her, who has left us, and who told  
... to do; and indeed, my boy, you  
... comfort to me: but now that I  
... see you, it is your turn now to

... in two, and take  
... is not large, and you  
... divide the loaf for you  
... abundance; and let us  
... giving us food, and in  
... and contented hearts. He  
... even, to nourish our  
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... others do to us. The taken many possibly cheat us. Oh! let us share, also, his goodness and  
... indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of  
... may never be rich, but we may always

be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my, boy, trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now, run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some error, and almost lost your money;" and he then showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and—" "Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and the eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf—"Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbour, David, the flax dresser, told but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in our town."

"Now, I shall tell thee about the gold: A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away, to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer this morning; as thou wouldst not have the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and, certes, it is not small!—is thine, and God grant thee a blessing with it." The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

#### THE QUAKER AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

A QUAKER passing through the market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of citrons.

"I have none," said the honest countryman, "that will suit you; they are decayed and their flavour is gone."



"Thank thee, friend, I will go to the next stand."

"Hast thou any good fruit to-day?" said he to the dealer.

"Yea, sir; here are some of the finest nutmegs of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

"Then thou can'st recommend them?"

"O, certainly, sir."

"Very well; I will take two." He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound but miserably tasteless.

The next morning he again repaired to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the preceding day asked him if he would like some more.

"Nay, friend; thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou may speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee; but thy neighbour chose to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou would'st do well to remember this and learn by experience, that a falsehood is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end."

#### HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.—A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT thirty years ago there lived on the banks of the Susquehanna a poor negro, who had the good fortune to own a cow. But by unforeseen circumstances, he had been deprived of sustenance for her. How to keep his cow from starving, was now the great exciting question. He was honest to a fault, and detested the name of thief; but after canvassing the subject in different ways, forced to come to the conclusion that his cow must either die, or he must go to his neighbour's barn and get hay for her. Accordingly one night he went and began to pitch off a quantity to take home. At the same time he was continually talking aloud to himself, and saying, "Honesty is the best policy, but my cow shall not die. At last, however, his honest nature triumphed, and he commenced pitching the hay back on the mow, saying, "Honesty is the best policy and my cow shall die." But then the thought of his destitute cow again rose in his mind, pitched the hay off the mow. "Honesty is

the best policy," cried he, but my cow shall not die." Again did the voice of conscience say to him he was doing wrong; and again did he pitch the hay into its place. "Honesty is the best policy, and my cow shall die;" saying which he laid down the fork and went home. "My cow will die," said he, "but I will not steal for her."

But his cow lived and had plenty to eat, but he did not steal it. No, for the very next day the farmer brought him a load of hay, saying to him, "Honesty is the best policy, and your cow shall not die." The poor negro was overwhelmed and confused. It was evident that the farmer had heard his soliloquy the night before, and had taken this plan to reward him for his honesty. He rallied, and thanked the donor profusely, telling him he had saved him from becoming a dishonest man. The story has its own moral.

#### THE HONEST SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRL.

A GENTLEMAN jumping from an omnibus in the city of New York, dropped his pocket-book, and had gone some distance before he discovered his loss; then hastily returning, he inquired of every passenger he met if a pocket-book had been seen? Finally, meeting a little girl of ten years old, to whom he made the same inquiry, she asked,

"What kind of a pocket-book?"

He described it—then unfolding he apron, "Is this it?"

"Yes that is mine. Come into this store with me."

They entered. He opened the book, counted the notes, and examined the papers.

"They are right," said he. "Fifteen notes of a thousand dollars each. Had they fallen into other hands I might never have seen them again; take, then, my little girl, this note of a thousand dollars as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson to me to be more careful in future."

"No," said the girl, "I cannot take it. I have been taught at Sunday-school not to keep what is not mine, and my par-

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## THE WIDOW AND THE BISHOP.

POOR WIDOW, encouraged by the former generosity of an aristocrat of great eminence, came into the hall of his palace with her only daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen years of age. Her good divine discerning marks of extraordinary modesty in her demeanour, enjoined the widow to tell her wants freely. Blushing and in tears, told him that she owed five crowns rent; which her landlord threatened to force her to pay immediately, unless she would consent to the ruin of her child, who had been educated in virtue; and she entreated that the bishop would interpose his sacred authority, till by industry she might be enabled to pay her cruel oppressor. The bishop, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue, bid her be of courage; he immediately wrote a note, and putting it into the hands of the widow, said, "Go to my steward with this paper, and he will give you five crowns to pay your rent." The poor woman, after many thanks to her benefactor, hastened to the steward, who gave her fifty pounds. These she refused to accept; and the steward, unable to persuade her to take them, agreed to go with her to his master; who, when informed of the circumstance, said, "It is true I made a mistake in writing fifty crowns, and will rectify it." On which he wrote another note; and turning to the poor woman, said, "So much candour and virtue deserves a recompense; here I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a marriage portion for your daughter."

### FABLE XIII.

## The Fox, the Raven, and the Dove.

[From the Dutch.]

A Fox, who was half-starved with hunger, stretched himself all along upon the ground, and lay as if he were dead, that he might entice the harmless birds to come within his reach, and then leap of a sudden upon them, and make them his prey ; but it happened that a RAVEN, who was hovering near him, observed that he fetched his breath ; and, by consequence, found it to be only a trick in him to catch the birds. She, therefore, instantly gave them notice of it ; and forewarned them, as they valued their own lives, not to come within reach of the Fox, who only feigned himself to be dead.

The Fox, finding his plot to be discovered, was obliged to go away hungry ; but soon bethought himself of another invention : which was, to go and kennel himself in a hollow tree, upon which a Dove had her nest, and was breeding up her young ones. Having done this, he called to her, that, unless she would throw down to him sometimes one of her eggs, and sometimes one of her young ones, he would climb

up the tree, take away all her eggs, kill both her and her young, and break her nest to pieces.

The harmless DOVE, thinking of two ills to choose the least, did as the Fox required her ; and threw him down, now one of her eggs, and then one of her young ones. Having done so, for some time, with a great deal of grief and sorrow, and the Fox continuing still to demand it of her, she, at last, made her complaint to the RAVEN, who chanced to come and perch herself on the same tree ; grievously bemoaning her fate, that she, like a good mother, to provide for her children, was at last obliged to make them a sacrifice to such a villain. But the RAVEN, who was not so timorous as she, advised her, whenever the Fox threatened her again, that he would kill both her and her young, if she would not throw one of them down to him, to answer him roundly,—“If you could have flown or climbed up the tree, you would not have been so often contented with one of my eggs, or of my young ; but would, long since, according to your ravenous and blood-thirsty nature, have devoured both me and them.” In short, the next time the Fox came, and threatened her as before, she replied as the RAVEN had instructed her.

The Fox, hearing her answer, and knowing very well that she was not so wise and cunning of herself, resolved to find out the truth of the matter ; and, at length, came to understand that it was the RAVEN who had been her counsellor. He, therefore, vowed to

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THE RECORDS OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

REV. ROWLAND HILL FAILING TO PRACTICE HIS OWN  
ADVICE.

It was the custom of this eminently useful minister, at the commencement of a new year, to preach an annual sermon for the "Benevolent Society of Surrey Chapel, for visiting and relieving the sick poor at their own habitations," selecting, at the same time, accounts of a few of the most remarkable cases, to read to his congregation, of those who had been visited during the preceding year. On one of these occasions, he narrated the afflictive circumstances of a lady, formerly of property and respectability, who had been plunged into the depths of poverty and want, in a time of sickness, through having imprudently become security for some relation or friend; and Mr. Hill took this opportunity of publicly warning and entreating all present, to be on their guard against committing so fatal an error. "I would advise all my friends," said he, "to do the same as I do myself when any request of this kind comes to me. I just walk out of one room into another, and consider what I can afford to give, and what I *ought* to give, to the applicant; then I return, and say, 'Here, my friend, I make you a present of this sum, and if you can get a few others to help you in the same way, perhaps you will get over your difficulty.' Then," said Mr. Hill, with emphasis, "I knew *the end* of it; but were I to lend my name, or become surety, I knew not *how* that might end."

Strange as it may appear, he was waited on a few months after this, by one of the members of the church, soliciting his kind assistance in procuring him a lucrative situation, then vacant in that parish and district, viz., a collector of the king's taxes; the person urged that it would be the making of him and his family, but that he must have two bondsmen for one thousand pounds each. Mr. Hill said he would consider of it. The petitioner was well known to Mr. Hill; he had long held a confidential situation in his chapel, and was, besides, in a good trade and connection of business, with his friends. There was no reason to doubt his integrity; and he was one that Mr.





"end to pay it?" said Martin.

said the young lawyer.

his bill. Did you not promise, on the route you would defray my expenses at the hotel?"

' said the young gentleman, "I deny everything, proof."

once saw that he was caught, and eyeing his young client or two, he said, pleasantly, "You don't need from me, young man—you don't need any counsel

#### PETER THE GREAT BREAKING HIS OWN LAWS.

PETER THE GREAT made a law in 1722, that when any man beat or ill-treated his slaves, he should be looked upon as a felon, and a guardian should be appointed to take care of his person and his estate. The monarch, however, who advised leniency, kindness, and forbearance, and thus severely punished violators of the law by which he attempted to enforce them. Peter was very irritable, and frequently struck his inferiors, whatever might be their rank. He frequently apologized, and it was considered an honour to have a blow and an apology from the emperor. He once struck his gardener, who being very sensitive, took to his bed and died. When Peter heard of it, he said, "Alas! I have civilized my own subjects; I have conquered other nations; yet I have not been able to civilize or to conquer myself!"

, FABLE XIV.

*The Boys and the Frogs.*

[FROM DODSLEY.]

ON the margin of a large lake, which was inhabited by a great number of FROGS, a company of BOYS happened to be at play. Their diversion was duck and drake; and whole volleys of stones were thrown into the water, to the great annoyance and danger of the poor terrified FROGS. At length, one of the most hardy, lifting up his head above the surface of the lake:—"Ah! dear children!" said he, "why will ye learn so soon to be cruel?—Consider, I beseech you, that though this may be sport to *you*, it is death to *us*."

MORAL.

A noble mind disdains to gain  
Its pleasure from another's pain.

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A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

A YOUNG MAN, of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw

a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed belonged to a poor man who was at work in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them.

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes hard by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around, and looked again and again; then he looked around on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money into his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a

lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'It is better to give than to receive.'"

We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.

#### PETER THE GREAT AND THE DWARFS.

In the year 1710, Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, celebrated a marriage of dwarfs at Petersburg, which was attended with great parade. On a certain day, which he had ordered to be proclaimed several months before, he invited the whole body of his courtiers, and all the foreign ambassadors, to be present at the marriage of a pigmy man and woman. The preparations for this wedding were not only very grand, but executed in a style of barbarous and painful ridicule. He ordered that all the dwarf men and women within two hundred miles, should repair to the capital; and also insisted that they should be present at the ceremony. For this purpose, he supplied them with proper vehicles, but so contrived it, that one horse was seen carrying a dozen of them into the city at once; while the mob followed, shouting and laughing from behind. Some of them were at first unwilling to obey an order which they knew was calculated to turn them into ridicule, and did not come; but he soon obliged them to obey; and, as a punishment, enjoined that they should wait on the rest at dinner. The whole company of dwarfs amounted to about seventy, beside the bride and bridegroom, who were richly adorned, and in the extremity of the fashion. For this little company in miniature, everything suitable was provided: a low table, small plates, little glasses, and, in short, everything was so fitted, as if all things had been dwindled to their own standard. It was his great pleasure to see their gravity and pride—the contention of the women for places, and the men for superiority. This point he attempted to adjust, by ordering that the most diminutive should take the lead; but this bred disputes; for none would consent to sit foremost. All this, however, being at last

settled, dancing followed the dinner, and the ball was opened with a minuet by the bridegroom, whose height was exactly three feet two inches. In the end, matters were so contrived, that this little company, who met together in gloomy disgust, and with an unwillingness to be pleased, being at last familiarized to laughter, entered into the diversion, and became extremely sprightly and entertaining.

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#### AN ODD THOUGHT.

EDMUND ANDREWS was well known as a cruel boy. Cock-chaffers, butterflies and birds, frogs and toads, dogs and cats, had all been ill-used by him in their turns; and many a reproof had he received for his cruelty.

As Edmund was passing by Burlton's barn, he saw Wilkinson, the old shepherd, busy with his pitch-kettle and iron, marking his sheep, which had been lately shorn, with the letters J. B., for John Burlton.

"So you are putting your master's mark on the sheep, are you?" said Edmund, as he walked up to the shepherd.

"I am, Master Edmund," replied Wilkinson; "but their maker has put his mark upon them before."

"What do you mean?" said Edmund, looking at the shepherd inquiringly.

"I mean," replied Wilkinson, "that our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom and goodness, has put marks upon all the creatures he has made, and such marks as none but he could put on them. He gave brown wings to the cockchaffer—spots to the butterfly—feathers to the bird—a sparkling eye to the frog and toad—a swift foot to the dog, and soft, furry skin to the cat. These marks are His marks, and they show us that these creatures belong to him; and woe be to those who abuse them."

"That is an odd thought," said Edmund, as he began to walk away from the spot.

"It may be an odd thought," replied the shepherd, "but when odd thoughts lead us to glorify God, and to act kindly to His creatures, the more we have, Master Edmund, the better."

## TABLE XV.

~~in~~ sent the Stat.

**Abstract**

[illegible]

An Ant, who climb'd beyond her reach,  
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech :  
" Ere you remark another's sin,  
By thy own conscience look within ;  
Control thy more voracious bill,  
Nor, for a breakfast, nations kill."

MORAL.

In other folks we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye ;  
Each little speck and blemish find :—  
To our own stronger errors blind.

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ALEXANDER AND THE PIRATE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was about to pass sentence of death on a wicked pirate, but previously asked him, " Why dost thou trouble the seas ?" " Why," rejoined the rover boldly, " dost thou trouble the whole world ? I, with one ship go in quest of solitary adventures, and am therefore called pirate ; thou, with a great army warrest against nations, and therefore art called emperor. Sir, there is no difference betwixt us but in the name and means of doing mischief." Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of the culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal, that he dismissed him unpunished.

---

MADOO RAO AND HYDER.

DURING the Mysorean war in 1767, when the combined forces of Nizam Ali of the Deccan, Madoo Rao, chief of the Mah-rattas, and the English, opposed the Mysore troops under Hyder, the latter sent to Rao to treat for peace. Apajee Ram, a Brahmin, was sent by Hyder to make the negotiation. He



# SPOTS AND BEAMS.

... great pomp by Madoo Rao, who declared his deter-  
 ... treat with an opponent who kept his legitimate  
 ... such a state of unworthy captivity; and a murmur  
 ... through the assembly. The envoy humbly  
 ... only adding that his master, whenever an  
 ... was set by his letters, would immediately fi-  
 ... we now recollected that Madoo Rao held his  
 ... like that in which the Mysorean rajah  
 ... the approving sound was changed into  
 ... the Marhatta chief then hung down his  
 ... was immediately commenced.

## THE INDIAN.

... once said to him, when he was a  
 ... thing very strange, and which I  
 ... the Indians get drunk so much  
 ... do you think strange of that?  
 ... strange at all. The Indians  
 ... whenever they can: but you  
 ... get drunk nevertheless."

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FABLE XVI.

*The Sensitive-Plant and the Palm-Tree.*

[FROM DODSLEY.]

THE SENSITIVE-PLANT, being brought out of the greenhouse, on a fine summer's day, and placed in a beautiful grove, adorned with the finest forest-trees, and the most curious plants, began to give himself great airs, and to treat all that were about him with much petulance and disdain.

"Lord !" says he, "how could the Gardener think of setting me among a parcel of trees ! gross, inanimate things ; mere vegetables, and perfect stocks. Sure, he does not take *me* for a common plant, when he knows, that I have the sense of feeling in a more exquisite degree than he has himself : it really shocks me to see into what wretched low company he has introduced me. It is more than the delicacy of my constitution, and the extreme tenderness of my nerves, can bear. Pray, Mrs. Acacia, stand a little farther off, and do not presume quite so much upon your idle pretence of being my cousin. Good Mr. Citron, keep your distance, I beseech you ; your strong scent quite



## NEVER WELL.

It was the fashion during the reign of Queen Anne, for no woman of very high rank ever to own herself perfectly in health ; a silly custom, well ridiculed by Cibber, in his comedy of "The Sick Lady's Cure." The Duchess of Marlborough played this folly with great extravagance, and particularly in travelling, when loads of straw were generally strewn before the door of her hotel, to prevent the least noise of passengers or carriages. In garrison towns, too, she frequently sent to the commanding officer to have the drums muffled while she remained in the place.

## GUSTAVUS VASA.

ONE day, when Gustavus was in the sixth year of age, as he was running among bushes, his preceptor, to deter him, told him to beware of some large snakes which infested them. He unconcernedly answered, "Then give me a stick, and I will kill them." His courage was tempered with the most noble generosity. A peasant bringing him a small pony, the young prince said to him—"I will pay you immediately, for you must want money ;" and pulling out a little purse of ducats, he emptied them into the peasant's hands. At twelve he spoke and wrote Latin, German, Dutch, French and Italian, with the same fluency and correctness as the Swedish, besides understanding the Polish and Russian.



FABLE XVII.

The Lily and the Rose.

[FROM COWPER.]

WITHIN the garden's peaceful scene,  
Appear'd two lovely foes,  
Aspiring to the rank of queen,  
The LILY and the ROSE.

The ROSE soon redden'd into rage ;  
And, swelling with disdain,  
Appeal'd to many a poet's page,  
To prove her right to reign.

The LILY's height bespoke command,  
A fair imperial flower ;  
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,  
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate,  
 The goddess chanced to hear ;  
 And flew to save, ere yet too late,  
 The pride of the parterre.

“ Yours is,” she said, “ the nobler hue,  
 And yours the statelier mien ;  
 And, till a third surpasses you,  
 Let each be deem’d a queen.”

MORAL.

Let no mean jealousies pervert your mind,  
 A blemish in another’s fame to find :  
 Be grateful for the gifts that you possess,  
 Nor deem a rival’s merit makes yours less.

---

RACINE AND CORNEILLE.

RACINE, who had been treated in a noble manner by Moliere, partook of the same spirit, and in a speech made to the French Academy in 1685, did great justice to the talents of Corneille. After representing the miserable state in which the French theatre then was, that it was without order, decency, sense, or taste, he passes to the sudden reformation effected by Corneille, “ a man who possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which form a great poet—art, force, judgment, and wit. Nor can any one sufficiently admire the greatness of his sentiments, the skill he shows in the scenery of his subjects, his masterly way of moving the passions, the dignity, and at the same time the vast variety of his characters.”

This high encomium must have the more weight, since it comes from the only man in the world who has been considered as Corneille’s rival ; and from one, too, who had some reasons

for not entertaining the most grateful recollection of the author of the *Cid*. For we are told by Valencour, who had the fact from Racine himself, that when he read his first play of "*Alexandra*," to Corneille, he was advised by Corneille to apply himself to some other kind of writing, as his genius was not suited to the drama. Racine, however, persevered, and nobly forgetting the criticism of Corneille, took a pride in rendering him the praise due to his genius.

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#### JOHN AND WILLIAM HUNTER.

A MEMORABLE example of jealousy in rivals is afforded by the history of Dr. William and John Hunter, both great characters, fitted to be rivals; but Nature it was imagined, in the tender ties of brotherhood, had placed a bar to such a feeling. John, without any determined pursuit in his youth, was received by his brother at the height of his celebrity; the Doctor initiated him into his school; they performed their experiments together; and William Hunter was the first to announce to the world the great genius of his brother. After this close connection in all their studies and discoveries, Dr. William Hunter published his magnificent work—the proud favourite of his heart, the asserter of his fame. Is it credible that the genius of the celebrated anatomist, which had been nursed under the wing of his brother, should turn on that wing to clip it? John Hunter put in his claim to the chief discovery; he was answered by his brother. The Royal Society, to whom they appealed, concealed the documents connected with this unnatural quarrel. The blow was felt, and the jealousy of literary honour forever separated the brothers, and the brothers of genius.

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#### MOLIERE AND RACINE.

WHEN Moliere was at the height of his reputation, Racine, who was just then come from Languedoc, and was scarcely known in Paris, went to see him, under pretence of consulting him about an ode which he had just finished. Moliere expressed

such a favourable opinion of the performance, that Racine ventured to show him his first tragedy, founded on the martyrdom of Theagenes and Chariclea. Moliere, who had an honest consciousness of superiority, which exalted him above envy, was not sparing either of praise or of counsel. His liberality carried him still further. He knew that Racine was not in easy circumstances, and therefore lent him a hundred louis d'or, thinking it a sufficient recompence to have the honor of helping forward a genius which he foresaw would one day be the glory of the French stage.

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CASTILLO.

A CURIOUS instance of the jealousy to which genius sometimes becomes a victim, is to be met with in the case of Castillo, a Spanish artist, distinguished by every amiable disposition, and the great painter of Seville. When some of Murillo's paintings were shown to him, (who seems to have been his nephew,) he stood in meek astonishment before them, and when he recovered his voice, turning away, he exclaimed with a sigh, "Castillo is no more!" Returning to his home, the stricken genius relinquished his pencil, and pined away in hopelessness.





*[The page contains approximately 18 lines of extremely faint, illegible text.]*

is no creature so much below another, but may have it in his power to return a good office.

## MORAL.

We are often indebted to the meanest creatures for the most valuable services.

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DO NOT DESPISE SMALL THINGS.

THE possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings, may be illustrated by a tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live beetle, together with a little *ghee* (or buffalo's butter,) three clews—one of the finest silk, another of stout pack-thread, and another of whip-cord; finally, a stout coil of rope.' When she came again to the foot of the tower, provided with these things, he instructed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and place the insect on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of butter, which he conceived to be in the store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread; and he drew up the pack-thread by means of the silk; the small cord by means of the pack-thread; and by means of the cord a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight; and so, at last, escaped from the place of his duress.

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MOHAMMED SAVED BY A SPIDER.

WHEN Mohammed, exposed to the wrath of his enemies, fled from Mecca, in company with Abubekar, they took refuge in a cave three miles from the city, called the cave of

# REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

After the first session of the Committee for three days, the Committee met on the 12th of June, and a number had been appointed to the Committee. They were informed that they were to be a Committee to examine the Project of the Committee to the Committee to the Committee. But for that, the Committee was to be a Committee to the Committee.

## REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

After the first session of the Committee in Paris, the Committee was informed that the Committee was to be a Committee to the Committee. The Committee was to be a Committee to the Committee. The Committee was to be a Committee to the Committee.

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FABLE XIX.

*The Bird-Call.*

[From the Polish Fables of KRASICKI.]

A MIMIC I knew,  
To give him his due,  
Was exceeded by none, and was equall'd by few.

He could bark like a dog ;  
He could grunt like a hog ;  
Nay, I really believe, he could croak like a frog :

Then, as for a bird,  
You may trust to my word,  
'Twas the best imitation that ever you heard.

It must be confess'd,  
That he copied *them* best ;  
You'd have thought he had liv'd all his life in a nest.

The Chaffinch's tone  
Was completely his own ;  
Not one of the tribe had the difference known.

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## TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD

THERE was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre in great haste from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by his daily labour.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

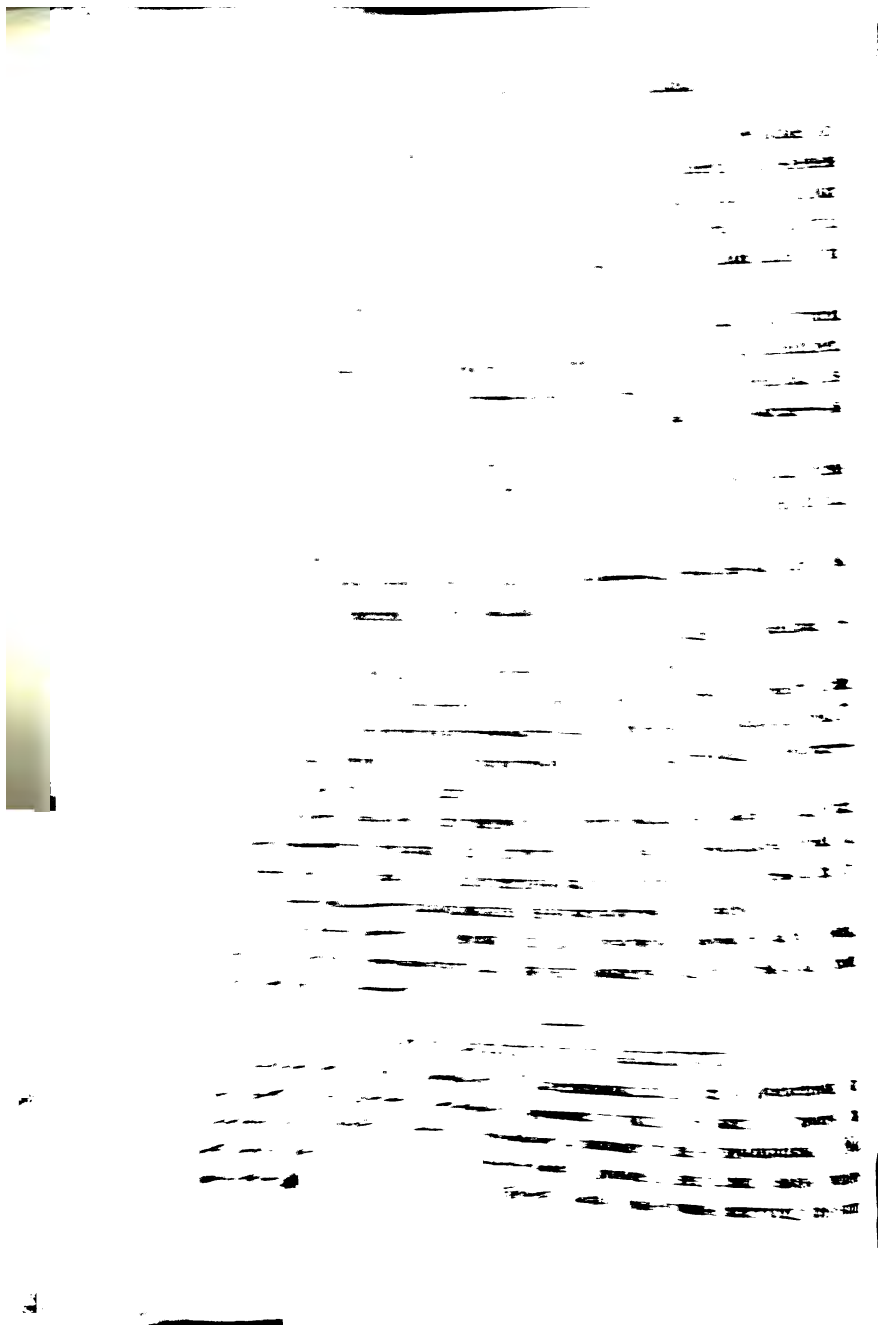
"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain; but whether an American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in life was bishop, prince, and prime-minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly-lighted room sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline—the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form vigorous, even with the snows of fifty summers; was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feeling and offices, pouring forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile! I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or hope. You are an American.



of two hundred florins to Goelnitz. The countryman told her that he was going there also, and proposed that they should travel together. At the wood, the countryman took a path which he told the girl would shorten the journey at least two leagues. At length they arrived at the mouth of an excavation, which had once been worked as a mine; the countryman stopped short, and in a loud voice said to the girl, "Behold your grave; deliver me the money instantly." The girl, trembling with fear, complied with his demand, and then entreated him to spare her life; the villain was inflexible, and he commanded her to prepare for death; the poor girl fell on her knees, and while in the act of supplicating for life, the villain happened to turn away his head, when she sprang upon him, precipitated him into the cavity, and then ran and announced to the village what had happened. The villagers, provided with ladders, returned to the spot. They descended into the hole, and found the countryman dead, with the money he had taken from the girl. Near him lay three dead female bodies, very much decomposed. It is probable that they had all been the victims of the cruel robber and murderer. In a girdle which he wore, eight hundred florins in gold were found.

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#### THE HINDOO WOMAN'S REPLY.

A HINDOO having been summoned to give evidence before the court of Judicature in Calcutta, deposed that such a circumstance happened in her presence. The judge asked where it happened. She replied in the verandah of such a house. "Pray, my good woman," said the judge, "how many pillars are there in that verandah?" The woman, not perceiving the trap that was laid for her, without much consideration said that the verandah was supported by four pillars. The counsel for the opposite party immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that, consequently, no credit could be given to her evidence.

The woman, perceiving her error, addressed the judge :



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1. The first group of people who are interested in the results of the study are the researchers themselves. They want to know if the treatment worked and if it was safe.

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— 25 —

1. **THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of \_\_\_\_\_, do hereby certify that \_\_\_\_\_**

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

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FABLE XX.

The Old Hound and the Huntsman.

[From CROXALL.]

AN old HOUND, who had been an excellent good one in his time, and given his master great sport and satisfaction in many a chase, at last, worn out by age, became feeble and unserviceable. However, being in the field, one day, when the Stag was almost run down, he happened to be the first that came in with him, and seized him by one of his haunches; but his decayed and broken teeth not being able to keep their

the Deer escaped, and threw him quite out.

his, his master, being in a great passion, and strike him, the honest old creature is said to have made out this apology:—"Ah! do not strike me, old servant; it is not my heart and inclination, but my strength and speed, that fail me.



himself, and making some small presents, retired. When he rejoined his retinue, he said, "I thank God for this day's favour. He hath guided me to discover a virtuous man in obscurity."

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#### THE HORSE'S PETITION.

IN the days of John, King of Atri, an ancient city of Abruzzo, there was a bell put up, which any one that had received any injury went and rang, and the king assembled the wise men chosen for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened, that after the bell had been up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. Now there was a knight of Atri who had a noble charger, which was become unserviceable through age, so that to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the common. The horse, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, by which the bell was sounded. The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which appeared to demand justice. They decreed, that *the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age*; a sentence which the king confirmed under a heavy penalty.

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#### NEGRO WIT.

THERE is a tradition that one of the esquires in Malden, Mass., had a slave who had been in his family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving that there was not much more work left in the old man, the master took him one day and made a somewhat pompous address to the following effect: "You have been a faithful servant to me and my father before I have long been thinking what I should do to reward your services. I give you your freedom! you are your own man, you are your own man." Upon this the old slave raised his grey head, and with a sly glance, showing that he caught his master's intentions, quietly replied: "No, no, no! *You eat the meat, and now you may pick the*



## FAIRY HILL

### THE FAIRY HILL

[From "The Fairy Hill"]

There is a field, through which I often pass,  
 Thick overspread with moss and silky grass;  
 A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd,  
 Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;  
 And where the land slopes to its wat'ry bourn,  
 It yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn;  
 The sides, but shiver'd long ago,  
 Their bles intertwine below.  
 As'd, and beans were in the stack,  
 Issued forth the spotted pack,  
 Mounted, ears hung low, and throats  
 Gamut fill'd with heav'nly notes;  
 The with soft bosom press'd  
 Sing stray'd the rest;  
 The hasty brook,

Struggling, detain'd in many a pretty nook.

But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,

'Gan make his instrument of music speak,

And from within the wood that crash was heard,

Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,

The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that graz'd,

All huddling into phalanx, stood, and gaz'd ;

Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,

Then cours'd the field around, and cours'd it round  
again ;

But recollecting, with a sudden thought,

That flight, in circles urg'd, advanc'd them nought,

They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,

And thought again,—but knew not how to think.

Awhile they mus'd, surveying ev'ry face,

Thou hadst suppos'd them of superior race ;

Their periwigs of wool, and fears combin'd,

Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind ;

When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,

A ram, the ewes and wethers sad, address'd :—

“ Friends ! we have liv'd too long ;—I never heard

Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd ;

Could I believe that winds, for ages pent

In earth's dark womb, have found, at last, a vent,

And from their prison-house below, arise

With all these hideous howlings to the skies,

Could be much compos'd ; nor should appear,

—such a canse, to feel the slightest fear.

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Sounds are but sounds ; and, till the cause appear, . .  
 We have, at least, commodious standing here :  
 Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast  
 From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last."  
 While thus she spake, they fainter heard the peals,  
 For Reynard, close attended at his heels  
 By panting dog, tir'd man, and spatter'd horse,  
 Through mere good fortune took a different course.

## MORAL.

Beware of desp'rate steps ! the darkest day,  
 Wait till to-morrow, will have pass'd way.

## . ALOISE SENEFELDER.

AT Munich, in the year 1795, a new comedy was acted one night at the principal theatre. The part of one of the characters, whose duty it was to keep the audience in a perpetual roar of laughter, was sustained by a young man, whose mournful actions and spiritless gestures were strangely at variance with the drolleries he uttered. He seemed to be about seventeen years old, his figure was tall and slender, his countenance pale, and his large blue eyes wore an expression of profound melancholy. The piece was unmercifully hissed ; and as soon as it was over, while the young actor was changing his dress, one of the attendants made his appearance.

"Mr. Senefelder !" said he, "the manager wishes to speak to you immediately."

"Tell him I am coming," replied the young man ; and hastily finished his toilette, he repaired to the manager's room.

"Mr. Senefelder," said the man in authority, "do you know of the play acted to-night ?"

"Yes," replied Aloise timidly.



It was a fine morning, and the sun was shining brightly on the water.

The boatmen were busy with their work, and the passengers were enjoying the view.

The boat was moving slowly down the river, and the passengers were looking at the beautiful scenery.

The boatmen were talking to the passengers, and the passengers were listening to them.

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The boat was moving slowly down the river, and the passengers were looking at the beautiful scenery.

The widow Senefelder inhabited a miserable apartment in an obscure part of the city. Want and misery were stamped on the innocent faces of the five little ones who surrounded her, and who, with one accord, rushed towards Aloise as he entered.

The eldest, a pretty girl about ten years old, drew them back, and, putting her lips close to her brother's ears, whispered—

"Have you brought any supper, Aloise?"

"Here," said he, giving her the silver he had received.

"So much as that?" said the sister; they must be much pleased to give you so many crowns."

"So much pleased, Marianne, that they have dismissed me."

"Then you are no longer an actor?" said one of the little boys. So much the better. It is an ungodly profession, our curate says."

"Yes," rejoined another child, "but how shall we get money to buy bread, if Aloise does nothing?"

"Hush, hush," said Marianne; "don't let our dear mamma hear this bad news to-night. We will pray to God, who has taken papa to Himself, and perhaps He will send us some consolation."

Aloise was silent. He watched all night by his father's corpse, and the next morning followed it to the grave. Instead of returning home he wandered idly through the streets, pursued by the still recurring question, "What can I do?" Night approached. He thought of returning to his mother, recollecting

how his absence would make her; but when he looked  
he knew not where he was. In absence of mind, he  
wandered far into the country, and the rushing of a river  
in his ear. He approached its bank, and overcome by  
fatigue hung down upon the soft grass. For some  
time he watched the flowing water, till a dreadful idea entered  
his mind.

"I have," he thought, "all my woes would  
be longer good for anything. I am only  
giving her another mouth to feed. I  
therefore will be over!"

... the old woman, a woman of a Christian piety, who was at the time of the thought struck ... He smiled, and ... the ... confirmed, the ... slept. ... singing ... He was still ... resolu- ... God for his ... refreshed, ... to collect his ...

... a smooth white chalk- ... of a sprig ... He re- ... on this ... Now the ... away, but ... smooth white ... could not help ...

"This would be a fine thing," he said. "I may have been but in many ways you are a better man, a better singer, but ..."

He rose in his hand. A low rose up and turned his ... of the city, he met his little brother, whom his ... told him that an old ... the morning of the ... to relieve her wants. ... said young Semefelder, mentally. ... the stone which he held in his ... days still greater emotions of



thankfulness. At first he employed his discovery only in ornamenting the covers of caskets, snuff-boxes, etc., but one day it occurred to him to take off on wet paper the picture drawn on stone. The experiment succeeded, and lithography was discovered.

In time, Aloise brought the art to perfection. He studied chemistry for the purpose ; and rich and happy were his prosperous family around him. He felt that he could never be sufficiently thankful for having outlived his design of self-destruction.

"Why should we ever despair?" he would say ; "God can turn our pain into pleasure, and our bitterness, into joy."

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#### NEVER DESPAIR.

AN ingenious young man, having gone to London in the hope of getting employment, was unsuccessful in his attempt, and being reduced to extreme poverty, came to the awful resolution of throwing himself into the Thames. On passing near the Royal Exchange to effect his desperate purpose, he saw the carriage of the late excellent Mr. Hanway, under the arms of which was the motto, "Never Despair." The singular occurrence of this sentence, had, under Providence, such an effect on the gay man, that he immediately desisted from his horrid design, gained soon afterwards a considerable establishment, and died in good circumstances in the common course of mortality.

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#### A SUICIDE PREVENTED.

A PIEDMONTSE nobleman, into whose company I fell at Turin, (says Mr. Rages, of Italy,) told me his story without reserve, as follows : "I was weary of life, and after a day such as few have known, and none would wish to remember, was lounging along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check ; I turned and beheld a little boy, who caught the skirt of my coat in his anxiety to solicit my notice, whose look

manhood were extinguished. Not less was the spirit in me aroused. "There are six of us and we are dying by day. Why should not I, said I to myself, relieve the suffering multitude? I have the means, and it will but delay the happy moment. For what if I do not? The words of misery in answering me, I cannot describe; I threw them my power, and they were of no avail to overcome me. It closed my eyes, it went as a storm in my heart. I will call again to-morrow, I said. For that I was in danger of leaving a world where so much pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply." His desperate inclination to destroy himself was thus forgotten in the pleasure of conferring happiness on others.





FABLE XXII.

The Eagle, the Cat, and the Sow.

[FROM CROKALL.]

AN EAGLE had built her nest upon the top branches of an old Oak; a wild CAT inhabited a hole in the middle; and in the hollow part, at the bottom, was a Sow, with a whole litter of Pigs. A happy neighbourhood; and might long have continued so, had it not been for the wicked insinuations of the designing CAT. For, first of all, up she crept to the EAGLE; and, "Good neighbour," says she, "we shall be all undone: that filthy Sow, yonder, does nothing but lie ronting at the foot of the tree; and, as I suspect, intends to grub it up, that she may the more easily come at our young ones. For my part, I will take care of my own concerns; you may do as you please, but I will watch her motions, though I stay at home this month for it."

When she had said this, which could not fail

putting the EAGLE into a great fright down she went, and made a visit to the Sow, at the bottom : and, putting on a sorrowful face. "I hope," says she, you do not intend to go abroad to-day?" "Why not?" says the Sow. "Nay," replies the other. "you may do as you please; but I overheard the EAGLE tell her young ones that she would treat them with a Pig, the first time she saw you go out; and I am not sure but she may take up with a Kitten, in the mean time; so, good morrow to you! you will excuse me, I must go and take care of the little folks at home."

Away she went accordingly; and by contriving to steal out softly at nights for her prey, and to stand watching and peeping all day at her hole, as under great concern, she made such an impression upon the EAGLE and the Sow, that neither of them dared venture abroad for fear of the other. The consequence of which was, that themselves, and their young ones, in a little time, were all starved, and made prizes of, by the voracious CAT and her Kittens.

#### MORAL.

Wicked words

do more than swords.

#### DERER'S FALL.

Artaxêrxes, ambitious of getting a  
the king's best officers, endeavoured  
out officer's fidelity; and to that end,  
"of calumnies against him, persuad-

ing himself that the king, from the great credit he had with his majesty, would believe the thing upon his bare word, without further examination. Such is the general character of calumniators. The officer was imprisoned; but he desired of the king before he was condemned, that his cause might be heard, and his accusers ordered to produce their evidence against him. The king did so; and as there was no proof of his guilt but the letters which his enemy had written against him, he was cleared, and his innocence fully confirmed by the three commissioners who sat upon his trial. All the king's indignation fell upon the perfidious accuser, who had thus attempted to abuse the confidence and favour of his royal master.

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#### HOW TO AVOID CALUMNY.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," says Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee."

When Anaximandre was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Aye," said he, "then I must learn to sing better."

Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he; "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it," said he, "if he had not some reason for it."

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#### PHILIP AND THE ATHENIAN ORATORS.

PHILIP of Macedon used to say "that he was much beholden to the Athenian orators; since by the slanderous and opprobrious manner in which they spoke of him, [that he was a barbarian, an usurper, a traitor; perfidious, perjured, depraved; a companion of rascals, a scoundrel, &c.,] they were the means of making him a hero both in word and deed. "For," added he, "I every day do my best endeavour, as well by my sayings and doings to prove them liars."



## BOERHAAVE.

THE celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest method against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God, that He would cure the distempered mind of those who traduce and injure us."

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## ANDRIAN AND XIMENES.

ANDRIAN, the coadjutor of Ximenes in the government of Castile, was much disturbed at the libels which flew about against them. Ximenes was perfectly easy. "If," said he, "we take the liberty to act, others will take the liberty to talk and write; when they charge us falsely, we may laugh; when truly, we must amend."



FABLE XXIII.

The Toad and the Ephemeron.

[From DODSLEY.]

As some workmen were digging marble in a mountain of Scythia, they discerned a Toad of an enormous size in the midst of a solid rock. They were very much surprised at so uncommon an appearance, and the more they considered the circumstances of it, the more their wonder increased. They could conclude no other, than that he was formed together with the rock in which he had been bred, and was coeval with the mountain itself.

While they were pursuing these speculations, the Toad sat swelling and bloating, till he was ready to burst with self-importance; to which, at last, he said, "Behold in me, says he, 'you behold in me the diluvian race of animals. I was born in the flood; and who is there, of the race of mortals, that shall outlive the frailty of birth, or dignity of age?'"

"I am born from the river  
And float from place to place."

chance to be present and observed all that passed  
 with great attention and curiosity. "Vain boaster!"  
 says he. "What foundation hast thou for pride, either  
 in thy talent, merely because it is ancient, or thy life,  
 because it has been long? What good qualities hast  
 thou received from thy ancestors? Insignificant even  
 to thyself, as well as useless to others: thou art almost  
 as insensible as the block in which thou wast bred.  
 Even I that had my birth only from the scum of the  
 neighbouring river, at the rising of this day's sun, and  
 who shall be at its setting, have more reason to applaud  
 my condition, than thou hast to be proud of thine. I  
 have enjoyed the warmth of the sun, the light of the  
 day, and the purity of the air: I have flown from  
 stream to stream, from tree to tree, and from the plain  
 to the mountain: I have provided for posterity, and  
 will leave behind me a numerous offspring to people  
 a new age of to-morrow: in short, I have fulfilled all  
 the ends of my being, and I have been happy. My  
 whole life, it is true, is but of twelve hours; but even  
 a hour is infinitely preferred to a thousand years of  
 dreary existence. I have been spent, like thine, in  
 the same manner, and I have been as happy as thou."

is honourable than

## PETER THE GREAT AS A BLACKSMITH.

Among the many places which Peter the Great used to visit, were the forges of Müller, at Istia. He once passed a month there, and became a good iron-founder. On one of the last days of his visit, he made eighteen poods of iron, his noblemen acting as blowers and assistants. When Peter had finished, he went to the proprietor, and asked him how much he paid his workmen per pood. "Three copecks, or an altina," said the proprietor. "Very well," replied the Czar, "I have earned eighteen altinas." Müller brought eighteen ducats, telling the Czar he could not offer a royal workman less than that per pood. Peter answered, "Keep your ducats; I have not wrought better than any other man; give me what you would give to another; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need." At the same time he showed his shoes, which had been once mended, and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying, "These I earned with the sweat of my brow."

## THE ROYAL GARDENER.

WHEN LYSANDER, the Lacedemonian general, brought magnificent presents to Cyrus, the younger son of Darius, who prized himself more on his integrity and politeness, than on his rank and birth, the prince conducted his illustrious guest to his garden, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the abundance of fruits planted with an art which knew the useful with the agreeable, the beauty of the variety of flowers exhaling odours throughout the delightful scene. "Everything in this place," said Lysander to Cyrus, "is the most exquisite taste, and the person who drew the plan of the

garden, and gave it the fine order, wonderful disposition, and happiness of arrangement, which I cannot sufficiently admire." Cyrus replied, "It was I that drew the plan, and entirely marked it out; and many of the trees which you see, were planted by my own hands." "What?" exclaimed Lysander, with surprise, and viewing Cyrus from head to foot, "is it possible that with those purple robes, and splendid vestments—those strings of jewels, and bracelets of gold—those buskins so richly embroidered—is it possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?" "Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus; "I assure you, that when my health permits, I never sit down to table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other toilsome employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure." Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand, and said, "You are truly happy, and deserve your high fortune, since you unite it with virtue."

#### HEROIC PERSEVERANCE.

Audubon, the great American Naturalist, gives this interesting account of one of the accidents of his splendid career: An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call the persevering zeal with which I laboured—the observer of nature to surmount the most distant obstacles. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky (situated on the banks of the Ohio,) where I resided for some time, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked forward to my departure, placed them in a box, and put an in charge to a relative, with injunctions that no injury should happen to them. My absence lasted some months; and when I returned, after an absence of some months, I inquired how they were, and was pleased to call my treasure. The drawings were all safe; but the remainder, for me!—a

pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which but a month before represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I left, pleased that I might now make better drawings than before; and ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again.

#### THE MECHANIC'S ADVANTAGE.

Nor many years ago, a Polish lady of plebeian birth, of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affection of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the young nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?"

"You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland."

"Then, having your daughter's consent, how could I expect a refusal?"

"This, sir," said the father, "is my only child, and her happiness the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious. What fortune gives, at her caprice she taketh away. I see no security for the independence and comfort of my daughter, living of a wife but one: in a word, I am resolved that she shall be the husband of my daughter who is not master of his own fortune."

The nobleman bowed his head, and retired silently.

Two or three days after, the father was sitting in the door, smoking his pipe, when he saw a coachman driving his coach, and wagons loaded with baskets, and

ing the cavalcade, the nobleman in the dress of a basket-maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his own hands for inspection ; and a certificate from his master that he was master of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no farther obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The Revolution came, fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered like chaff before the four winds of Heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers ; and the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirmities of age, by his basket-making industry.

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#### EXAMPLE OF WASHINGTON.

DURING the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavouring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up hard, and, on this account, the voice of the little great man was often heard, regularly vociferating, "Heave, ho! There she goes! Heave, ho!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold, and give a little help. The latter, astonished, turned round, and said, "Sir, I am a corporal!" "You are—are you?" replied the officer ; "I was not aware of that ;" and taking off his hat, and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." On this he dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When finished, he turned to the commander, and said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time!" The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington.

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#### SCHILLER AND NOBILITY.

SCHILLER, the German poet, had a patent of nobility conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany, which he never

used. Turning over a heap of papers one day, in the presence of a friend, he came to his patent, and showed it carelessly to his friend with this observation, "I suppose you did not know I was a noble!" and buried it again in the mass of papers in which it had long lain undisturbed. It was a proof of his possessing a truer nobility than any which could be conferred upon him by kings or emperors.





## FAIRY XIV

### THE FINEST BOW.

[From the Garden of Lovers.]

A MAN possessed an excellent Bow, made of ebony, with which he could shoot at a great distance, and with much precision. This bow he highly prized; but on viewing it attentively, he thought it somewhat too simple, its ornament consisting exclusively in its polish. "What a pity! I will repair to an artist, and order him to carve some figures on my Bow," said the man. He did so; and the artist represented thereon a complete chase;—and what could be more suitable? The man, indeed, exclaimed, "You well deserve these figures on my excellent Bow!" at the same time, as he drew his arrow, twang sounded the string, and he was gone!

of character, too often  
by an undue regard for

## HOW TO ENERVATE A PEOPLE.

WHEN Cyrus received intelligence that the Lydians had revolted from him, he told Croesus, with a good deal of emotion, that he had almost determined to make them all slaves. Croesus begged him to pardon them. "But," said he, "that they may no more rebel or be troublesome to you, command them to lay aside their arms, to wear long vests and buskins, that is, to vie with each other in the richness and elegance of their dress. Order them to drink, and sing, and play, and you will soon see their spirits broken, and themselves changed to the effeminacy of women, so that they will no more rebel, or give you any uneasiness." The advice was followed, and the result proved how judicious it was, for the conqueror, and how sterling qualities and energy of character may be enervated and undermined when external accomplishments take the first place in a person's estimation.





FABLE XXV.

The Father and Jupiter.

[From Gæ.]

A MAN to Jove his suit preferred ;  
He begged a wife ; his prayer was heard :  
A wife he takes ; and now for heirs  
Again he worries heaven with prayers.  
Jove's ready assent : two hopeful boys,  
And one girl, reward his joys.

More solicitous he grew,  
Their future lives in view ;  
How to get out and duty  
To power, and beauty.

He cries, " accept my prayer ;  
Lend me thy care.  
My fav'rite boy,  
Thy gifts enjoy.

My next, with strong ambition fire;  
 May favour teach him to aspire;  
 Till he the step of power ascend,  
 And courtiers to their idol bend.  
 With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,  
 My daughter's perfect features arm;  
 If Heaven approve, a FATHER's blessed :"  
 Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,  
 Studious of ev'ry griping art,  
 Heaps hoards on hoards, with anxious pain;  
 And all his life devotes to gain.  
 He feels no joy, his cares increase,  
 He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;  
 In fancied want (a wretch complete)  
 He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew :  
 The thriving art of courts he knew :  
 He reach'd the height of power and place;  
 Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies  
 daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.  
 Vain coquette each suit disdains,  
 glories in her lover's pains.  
 Age she fades, each lover flies,  
 Remn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the FATHER's grief survey'd,  
 And heard him heav'n and fate upbraid,  
 Thus spoke the God :—" By outward show,  
 Men judge of happiness and woe :  
 Shall ignorance of good and ill  
 Dare to direct th' eternal will ?"

## MORAL.

If heav'n should always grant what we think best,  
 We should be ruined by our own request.

## THE REBELLIOUS PRAYER AND THE SPOILED SON.

MR. EDMUND CALAMY relates, in his life, that a gentleman named Mart, in whose family he resided for some time, had a son who discovered the most wicked and impious disposition. When confined in prison, he wrote letters professing penitence; but, as soon as he had an opportunity, he returned to his former sin.

— This young man had been the darling of both his father and mother, and the latter had set her affections upon him to so great a degree, that when she saw him a monster of wickedness, and deranged, and attempted to destroy herself, which she effected. So far from being suitably impressed with her son's repentance, her son now proceeded to greater lengths, and he professed to be sorry for his conduct, and applied to Rev. Samuel Pomfret to intercede for him. He was made ready for sea, but was detected with a gang of villains, and, on the day as he was to set sail, he robbed Mr. Pomfret, was condemned to die, and, on the day preceding the Wednesday on which he was to be executed, he begged Dr. Calamy to accompany him to the gallows, to converse with his

unhappy son, and to give his opinion as to the propriety of seeking to obtain his pardon. The doctor went, and found him in a very awful state of mind, resenting different things which he conceived his father had done wrong, and saying that he might obtain a pardon for him if he would but part with some of his money. In vain did the doctor expostulate with him on the improper feelings he manifested, and entreat him to humble himself before God on account of his sins, as the only way of engaging his friends to obtain for him a reprieve. His reply was, "Sir, I scorn anything of that nature; and would rather die with my company." The doctor reasoned with him on the existence of a hereafter, charged him with the death of his mother, taxed him with the murder of some persons abroad, whose blood he had actually shed, and showed him the heavy punishment he must endure in an eternal world unless he turned to God, repented of his sins, and prayed for pardon through the atonement of the Lord Jesus. He admitted the truth of all these things, but was filled with trifling unconcern. He frankly said that he had no hope of being better in his character, and that, on the contrary, he was satisfied he should grow worse. The next morning he was visited by Dr. Jekyl, who asked him whether, during the whole time he had been confined in Newgate, he had once bowed his knee to the Great God, making it his earnest request to him to give him a sense of his sins, and to create in him a tender heart; he admitted that he had not, nor did he think it of any use. He was promised that if he would engage to pray morning and evening, for the grace of God, an effort should be made, with every probability of success, for a reprieve, and subsequently a pardon. But he would make no agreement, and was hung on the day appointed.

On the day of his execution, the father of this unhappy young man told Dr. Calamy, that when the culprit was a very young child, he was exceedingly ill with a fever, and that both his wife and himself, thinking their lives were bound up in the life of the child, were exceedingly importunate with prayer that his night be spared. A pious mother expostulated with

the vehemence he manifested, and said she dreaded the consequences of praying in such a way, and that it became him to leave the matter to an infinitely wise God. At length the father said, "Let him prove what he will, so he is but spared, I shall be satisfied." The old man added, "This I now see to have been my folly. For, through the just hand of God, I have lived to see this wretched son of mine a heart-breaking cross to them that loved him with the greatest tenderness, a disgrace to my whole family, and likely to bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I read my sin very distinctly in my punishment; but must own that God is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works."

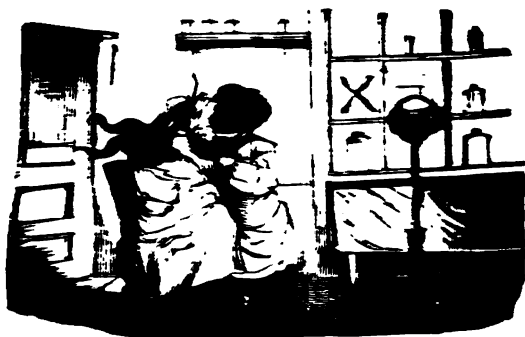
#### THE FATHER'S PRAYER.

A FARMER named Higgins, an inhabitant of Baltonsborough, in Somersetshire, England, died about the end of the year 1831. From the time of his marriage in 1793, he became extremely anxious to have a son; but his wife presenting him with three daughters in succession, he became very disconsolate, and even enraged at his repeated disappointment; and vowed, with an oath of imprecation, that should his next child be a daughter, ~~he would~~ <sup>he would</sup> never speak to her. Before the birth of his fourth child he repeated the same solemn vow; the child, of inexpressible joy, proved to be a boy; but the joy was of short continuance, for the child, as he took notice of surrounding objects, was observed never could be induced, even for a moment. As the boy advanced in years, his shyness towards his father became more marked; and it was soon observed, that with his mother and sisters, he never uttered a syllable in his presence, at first thought to be accidental, as his father observed when the boy had gained the age of seven, that he served a constant and marked

silence towards him, it became but too evident that Higgins was destined never to hold any conversation with his son. The afflicted parent often entreated him to speak to him and converse with him, but neither threats, entreaties, nor promises, were of the least avail; he even promised him the half of what he possessed if he would but speak to him; but his reply was, "No, mother; do you not think I would talk to father if I could? Whenever father approaches me, my voice begins to falter; and before he comes within hearing, the power of speaking entirely fails me." It is remarkable, that the inability of speaking applied to all other males, as well as the father, and continued so for thirty-five years, till the death of the father. Immediately after this occurrence, he began to converse with all, males as well as females, and still enjoys the full power of speech. The impious and rebellious vows and wishes of the father were thus strangely and painfully punished. How sinful and truly dangerous to rebel against the arrangements of the all-wise providence of God!







FABLE XXVI.

**The Goat without a Beard.**

[FROM GAY.]

**A GOAT** (as vain as Goat can be)

**Affected singularity :**

**Whene'er a thymy bank he found,**  
**He roll'd upon the fragrant ground ;**  
 and then, with fond attention, stood,  
 'd o'er his image in the flood.

"**I hate my frowsy beard," he cries,**  
**My youth is lost in this disguise."**

<b>Res.</b>	smooth his shaggy face;
<b>He s</b>	barber of the place.
<b>A fl</b>	onkey, spruce and smart,
<b>ff.</b>	profess'd the dapper art ;
	basons hung ;
	order strung ;

Ranged cups, that in the window stood,  
Lined with red rags, to look like blood ;  
Did well his threefold trade explain,  
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein

The GOAT he welcomes with an air,  
And seats him in his wooden chair ;  
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides ;  
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

"I hope your custom, sir," says Pug ;  
"Sure, never face was half so smug !"

The GOAT, impatient of applause,  
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws ;  
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd :

"Heyday ! what's here ? without a beard !  
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace ?  
What envious hand hath robb'd your face ?"

When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn :  
"Are beards by civil nations worn ?  
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins ;  
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,  
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,  
And bear about the hairy load ;  
Whene'er we through the village stray,  
Are we not mock'd along the way ;  
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,  
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn ?"

- Were you so more with ~~you~~ in dress,  
 Brother, I grant you reason well.  
 Replies a bearded man: "Doubtless  
 If boys are worthy my praise  
 How wilt thou stand the ridicule  
 Of our whole flock! A facetious fool."  
 Coxcombs distinguish'd from the rest,  
 To all our coxcombs are a jest."

#### SWIFT'S HATRED OF FOPPERY.

DEAN SWIFT was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that distinctive ostentation in the middling classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded.

When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the *Works*, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a ~~formal~~ waistcoat, a bag wig and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremonies as if he had been a stranger. "I am glad to see you, sir," said he, "what are your commands with you?"

"I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to await your arrival from London."

"I am glad to see you, sir,"

"I am glad to see you, sir,"

"I am glad to see you, sir,"

"I am glad to see you, sir,"

"I am glad to see you, sir,"

the printer, sir."  
 ner, the printer! Why you are the most  
 scoundrel of an impostor I have ever met  
 kner is a plain, sober citizen, and would  
 out in lace and other fopperies. Get you  
 I immediately send you to the house

Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress he returned to the deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend, George," says the Dean, "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, there has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

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#### FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS SERVANT.

ONE of the domestics of Frederick the Great, one day came to wait on him in an elegant flesh-coloured coat, thinking to please the king by his dress, because that was his favourite colour. Frederick, however, pretended not to observe him. The servant perceiving the mistake he had made, slipped out, and put on a coat more suitable to his station. The king noticed the change, and with great affability said to him, "Tell me, friend, who was that coxcomb that appeared at Sans Souci just now, in a flesh-coloured coat?"

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#### REASON FOR SINGULARITY. //

A CELEBRATED old general used to dress in a fantastic manner, by way of making himself better known. It is true, people would say, "Who is that old fool?" But it is also true, that the answer was, "That is the famous General —, who took such or such a place."





FABLE XXVII.

## The Cock and the Jewel.

[From OROUALL.]

A YOUNG COCK, in company with two or three pullets, **raking** upon a dunghill, scratched up a **JEWEL**; he **knew** what it was well enough, for it sparkled with an exceedingly bright lustre; but not knowing what to do **th** it, he endeavoured to cover his ignorance under a **of** contempt. So, shrugging up his wings, shaking **and** putting on a grimace, he expressed purpose:—"Indeed, you are a very fine **ow** not any business you have here,—I **at** my taste lies quite another way; and **have** one grain of barley, than all the **the** sun."

## GOTHIC CONTEMPT FOR EDUCATION.

THE Goths had no national literature ; literature, in fact, they despised. A curious instance of this is to be seen in the opposition they raised, when Amalasunta, the mother of Alaric, proposed to give him the advantage of a liberal education. "No, no," said the assembled warriors, "*The idleness of study is unworthy of a Goth* ; high thoughts of glory are not fed by books, but by deeds of valour ; he is to be a king whom all should dread. Shall he be compelled to dread his instructors ? No."





FABLE XXVIII.

**The Pin and the Needle.**

[From GAY.]

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,  
 Proficient in the toilet's duty,  
 And form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,  
 Or giv'n her knot a smarter air;  
 Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,  
 Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd;  
 At length, from all her honours cast,  
 Through various turns of life she pass'd;  
 Now glitter'd on a tailor's arm,  
 Now kept a beggar's infant warm;  
 Now rang'd within a miser's coat,  
 Contributes to his yearly groat;  
 Now rais'd again from low approach,  
 She visit'd the Doctor's coach;  
 Here, when his fortune toss'd,

In a museum at last was lost.  
Charmed with the wonders of the show,  
On every side, above, below,  
She now of this or that inquires ;  
What least was understood admires.

“ And pray, what’s this, and this, dear sir ?”  
“ A NEEDLE,” says the Interpreter.  
She knew the name ; and thus the fool  
Addressed her as a tailor’s tool :—

“ A NEEDLE, with that filthy stone,  
Quite idle, all with rust o’ergrown !  
You better might employ your parts,  
And aid the seamstress in her arts.  
But tell me how the friendship grew  
Between that paltry flint and you ?”

“ Friend,” says the NEEDLE, “ cease to blame,  
I follow real worth and fame.  
Knowest thou the loadstone’s power and art,  
That virtue virtues can impart ?  
Of all his talents I partake,  
Who, then, can such a friend forsake ?  
’Tis I directs the pilot’s hand,  
To shun the rocks and treach’rous sand ;  
By me the distant world is known,  
And either India is our own.  
Had I with milliners been bred,  
What had I been ? the guide of thread ;



And drudg'd as vulgar NEEDLES do,  
Of no more consequence than you."

## MORAL.

That only is valuable which is useful.

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## BLOWING THE BELLOWS.

THE happiness to be derived from retirement from the bustle of the city, to the peaceful and rural scenes of the country, is more in idea than it often proves in reality. A tradesman in London, who had risen to wealth, from the humble ranks of life, resolved to retire to the country, to enjoy, undisturbed, the rest of his life. For this purpose he purchased an estate and mansion in a sequestered corner in the country, and took possession of it. While the alterations and improvements which he directed to be made were going on, the noise of hammers, saws, chisels, etc., around him, kept him in good spirits. But when his improvements were finished, and his workmen discharged, the stillness everywhere disconcerted him, and he felt quite miserable. He was obliged to have recourse to a smith upon his estate for relief to his mind; and he actually engaged to blow the bellows a number of hours every day for relief to his mind. In a short time this ceased to afford the relief he desired; he returned to London, and acted as a gratuitous assistant to his own clerk, to whom he had given up his business.

## The Diamond and the Loadstone.

[From DODSLEY.]

A DIAMOND, of great beauty and lustre, observing not only many other gems of a lower class ranged together with him in the same cabinet, but a LOADSTONE likewise placed not far from him, began to question the latter how he came there; and what pretensions he had to be ranked among the precious stones: he, who appeared to be no better than a mere flint; a sorry, coarse, rusty-looking pebble; without any the least shining quality to advance him to such an honour; and concluded with desiring him to keep his distance, and pay a proper respect to his superiors. //

"I find," said the LOADSTONE, "you judge by external appearances, and condemn without due examination; but I will not act so ungenerously by you. I am willing to allow you your due praise; you are a pretty bauble; I am mightily delighted to see you glitter and sparkle; I look upon you with pleasure and surprise; but I must be convinced you are of some sort of use before I acknowledge that you have any real merit, or treat you with that respect which you seem to demand. With regard to myself, I confess my deficiency in outward beauty; but I may venture to

say, that I make amends by my intrinsic qualities. The great improvement of navigation is entirely owing to me. By me the distant parts of the world have been made known and are accessible to each other; the remotest nations are connected together, and all, as it were, united into one common society; by a mutual intercourse they relieve one another's wants, and all enjoy the several blessings peculiar to each. The world is indebted to me for its wealth, its splendour, and its power; and the arts and sciences are, in a great measure, obliged to me for their improvements, and their continual increase. All these blessings I am the origin of; for, by my aid it is that man is enabled to construct that valuable instrument, the MARINER'S COMPASS."

## MORAL.

Let dazzling stones in splendour glare;  
Utility's the gem for wear.

## ACTIVE USEFULNESS PREFERRED TO IDLE REPOSE.

CARDINAL GONSALVI was suffering under a chronic disease, and consulted three physicians, who declared on being questioned by the sick man, that this disease would be followed by death in a shorter or longer time, according to the manner in which he lived; but they advised him unanimously to give up his office, because, in his situation, mental agitation would be fatal to him. "If," inquired the cardinal, "I give myself up to repose, how long, gentlemen, will you guarantee my life?" "Six years," answered the doctors. "And if I continue in office?" "Three years at most." "Your servant, gentlemen," replied the cardinal, "I should prefer living two or three years in doing than six in idleness."

FABLE XXX. X

The Jackdaw and Pigeons.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A JACKDAW, observing that the PIGEONS in a certain dove-cote lived well, and wanted for nothing, white-washed his feathers like a dove, and went and lived among them. The PIGEONS, not distinguishing him as long as he kept silent, forbore to give him any disturbance. But at last he forgot his character, and began to chatter; by which the PIGEONS discovering what he was, flew upon him, and drove him back to the Jackdaws again. They not knowing him in his discoloured feathers, drove him away likewise; so that he, who had endeavoured to be more than he had a right to, was not permitted to be anything at all.

MORAL.

Impostors are sure to betray themselves.

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WHICH IS THE HEIR?

A JEWELER who carried on an extensive trade, and supplied the deficiencies of one country by the superfluities of another, leaving his home with a valuable assortment of diamonds, for



thrust his head through a hole in the curtain. An officer stood in front with a drawn cimeter in his hand, and the judge proceeded to the examination. After a short debate, the judge cried out, "Enough! enough! Strike off the villain's head!" and the officer, who watched the moment, leaped towards the two youths; the impostor, startled at the brandished weapon, hastily drew back his head, while the jeweler's son, animated by conscious security, stood unmoved. The judge immediately decided for the latter, and ordered the slave to be taken into custody, to receive the punishment due to his infamous ingratitude.



FABLE XXXI.

Jupiter and the Farmer.

[By DANA.]

Thus said, that Jove had once a farm to let,  
And sent down Mercury, his common crier,  
To make the most that he could get ;  
Or sell it to the highest buyer.

To view the premises the people flocked :  
And, as 'tis usual in such case,  
Began to run them down apace ;  
The soil was poor, the farm ill stocked :  
In short, a barren, miserable place,  
Scarce worth the expense to draw a lease.

One bolder, though not wiser than the rest,  
Offered to pay in so much rent,  
Provided he had Jove's consent  
To guide the weather just as he thought best,  
Or wet, or dry ; or cold, or hot ;  
Whate'er he asked should be his lot ;

To all which Jove gave a consenting nod.  
The seasons now obsequious stand,  
Quick to obey their lord's command,  
And now the FARMER undertakes the god ;  
Now calls for sunshine, now for rains,  
Dispels the clouds, the wind restrains.

But still confined within his farm alone,  
He makes a climate all his own ;  
For when he sheds, or when he pours,  
Refreshing dews, or soaking showers,  
His neighbours never share a drop ;  
So much the better for their crop ;  
Each glebe a plenteous harvest yields ;  
Whilst our director spoils his fields.

Next year, he tries a different way ;  
New moulds the seasons, and directs again ;  
But all in vain :  
His neighbour's ground still thrive while his decay.

What does he do in this sad plight ?  
For once he acted right :  
He to the god his fate bemoaned,  
Asked pardon, and his folly owned.  
Jove, like a tender master, fond to save,  
His weakness pitied, and his fault forgave.



## GENERAL.

He, who presumes the ways of heaven to scan,  
Is not a wise, nor yet a happy man :  
In this firm truth securely we may rest,—  
Whatever Providence ordains is best ;  
Had man the power, he'd work his own undoing ;  
To grant his will would be to cause his ruin.

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## JOHN ADAMS AND HIS LATIN.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote :

"When I was a boy, I used to study the Latin grammar ; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college ; and therefore, I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer ; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. "Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching ; perhaps *that* will : my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin, and try that."

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I had ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labour ; and right glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin and ditching ; but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner ; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride ; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it ; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labour in that abominable ditch."

Boys may learn several important lessons from this story. It shows how little they oftentimes appreciate their privileges. Those who are kept at study, frequently think it a hardship needlessly imposed on them. The opportunity of pursuing a liberal course of study is what few enjoy; and they are ungrateful who drag themselves to it as to an intolerable task. Youth may also learn from this anecdote, how much better their parents are qualified to judge of these things than themselves. If John Adams had continued this ditching instead of his Latin, his name would not probably have been known to us. But, in following the path marked out by his parent, he rose to the highest honours which the country can bestow.

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#### THE MOTHER AND HER SON.

In one of the parishes of the county of Gloucester, England, the widow of a gentleman resided, with her only son, who was about twelve years of age at the time when the following circumstances occurred. The lady had taken a prejudice against the doctrines taught by her pastor, which led her to desist from attending church, and to break off all communication with him. He attempted to renew the friendship, but in vain. At length her boy was taken seriously ill, and the clergyman, thinking that affliction would have a tendency to soften her feelings, called upon her, and offered his services to the sufferer. The lady admitted him, and, after some conversation, in which he endeavoured to draw her mind to a consideration of God's providence and submission to his will, he proposed prayer. During the prayer he offered up the petition, that if it were the Lord's will the child might be restored; but if otherwise, that his will and not theirs, might be done. As he uttered this prayer the mother rose from her knees, and said, in an agony of despair, "He shan't die!" All efforts to compose her were unavailing, and the clergyman departed. From that hour the boy began to improve in health, and soon entirely recovered. But the life of the lad on which the mother's heart was so intent, w<sup>as</sup>

came to her end in the world, and at the age of twenty-five he was sentenced for piracy.

#### THE MOTHER'S WILL.

Rev. Mr. KILPATRICK of Kilmarnock, says, "I know a case, in which the minister praying over a child apparently dying, said, "If it be thy will spare——" The mother's soul yearning for her beloved, exclaimed—"It must be his will. I cannot bear *ifs*." The minister stopped. To the surprise of many the child recovered: and the mother, after almost suffering martyrdom by him while a scolding, lived to see him hanged at the age of two-and-twenty. Oh, it is good to say, "Not my will, but thine be done."





FABLE XXXII.

### \*The Discontented Horse.

[From the German of LESSING.]

As JUPITER once was receiving petitions  
 From birds and from beasts of all ranks and conditions,  
 With an eye full of fire, and mane quite erect,  
 Which, I'm sorry to say, showed but little respect,  
 The HORSE went as near as he dared to the throne,  
 And thus made his donkey-like sentiments known :

“ For beauty of symmetry, fleetness and force,  
 It is said that all animals yield to the Horse ;  
 While my spirit I feel, and my figure I view  
 In the brook I'm inclined to believe it is true ;  
     it still, mighty JUPITER, still, by your aid,  
     my form might some further improvements be made.  
 To run is my duty, and swifter and stronger,  
 surely should go were my legs to be longer :

And as man always places a seat on my back,  
 I should have been made with a saddle or sack ;  
 It had sav'd *him* much trouble, on journeys departing.  
 And *I* had been constantly ready for starting."

Great JUPITER smiled (for he laughed at the brute,  
 As he saw more of folly than vice in his suit),  
 And striking the earth with omnipotent force,  
 A Camel rose up near the terrified HORSE :  
 He trembled—he started—his mane shook with fright,  
 And he staggered half round, as preparing for flight.

"Behold !" exclaimed Jove, "there an animal stands,  
 With both your improvements at once to your hands :  
 His legs are much longer ; the hump on his back  
 Well answers the purpose of saddle or sack :  
 Of your shapes, tell me, which is more finish'd and trim ?  
 Speak out, silly HORSE, would you wish to be him ?"

The HORSE, ~~feared~~ abashed, and had nothing to say ;  
 His reproaches, thus sent him away :  
 "I gratefully feel and express  
 The blessings and gifts you possess.  
 Though plain, is mild, useful and good ;  
 Some, however, proud, discontented and rude."

## A CONTENTED MAN.

A STORY has been told of an eccentric man of wealth having amused himself by causing an inscription to be placed conspicuously over the gate-way of a beautiful property belonging to him, to this effect: "This property shall be given, without reserve, by the present owner, to any applicant who can produce satisfactory evidence that he is a contented man."

Soon there was an application. "I think," said he, "I may lay claim to the character of a contented man."

"That," replied the owner, "is a most enviable character; but are you quite sure that you are truly a contented man?"

"You may rely upon it, sir?" said the other.

"Why, then, do you apply for this property?" inquired the owner. The applicant retired wiser than he was before.

## DR. FRANKLIN ON CONTENTMENT.

A YOUNG person once mentioned to Dr. Franklin his surprise that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with undue solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who, although in possession of undoubted wealth, was as busy, and much more anxious, than the most assiduous clerk in his counting-house. The doctor, in reply, took an apple from the fruit-basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave it a second, which filled the other; and choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there," said he, "is a *little* man with more riches than he can enjoy."



FABLE XXXIII.

The Peacock's Complaint.

[From CROZALL]

THE PEACOCK presented a memorial to Juno, importing, how hardly he thought he was used, in not having so good a voice as the Nightingale; how that pretty animal was agreeable to every ear that heard it, while he was laughed at for his ugly screaming noise, if he did but open his mouth.

The goddess, concerned at the uneasiness of her favourite, answered him very kindly to this purpose, "The Nightingale is blessed with a fine voice, but you have the advantage in beauty and size."

"What avails my silent beauty," said he, "if I am so far excelled in voice?"

Juno, bidding him consider, that if all creatures were appointed

by a decree of fate; to him, beauty; to the Eagle, strength; to the Nightingale, a voice of melody; to the Parrot, the faculty of speech; and to the Dove, innocence. That each of these was satisfied with his own peculiar quality; and, unless he wished to be miserable, he must learn to be equally contented.

## MORAL.

The man, who to his lot's resigned,  
True happiness is sure to find;  
While envy ne'er can mend the ill,  
But makes us feel it keener still.

## HUNTING FOR CONTENTMENT.

ISAAC WALTON, who had himself a quiet, cheerful, contented spirit, relates the following anecdote:

"I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and well-furnished, and would be often troubling himself and family to remove from one of them to another. On being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, he replied, 'It was in order to find content in some one of them.' His friend, knowing his temper, told him if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind, for content can never dwell but with a quiet and quiet soul."

## BLESSINGS.

"To possess what one wishes," said a philosopher, to whom the latter replied, "I am still not to desire what one does not



## CONTENTMENT.

THE DUC DE MONTMORENCI, when travelling in Languedoc, perceived four peasants dining in a field under the shade of a large tree. The duke approached them, and inquired if they were happy. Three of them replied that they were satisfied with the condition God had assigned them, and that they did not wish for anything else. The fourth frankly answered that one thing was necessary to his happiness, or at least would contribute much towards it—the means of acquiring a small property which had long been in the possession of his ancestors. “And if thou hadst this,” said Montmorenci, “wouldst thou be content?” “As happy as I would wish to be,” replied the peasant. The duke inquired the sum necessary, and was told two thousand francs, which he immediately gave him, rejoicing that he had made one man happy in his life.

## THE KING AND THE STABLE-BOY.

A KING walking out one morning, met a lad at the stable-door, and asked him, “Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?” “I help in the stables,” replied the lad; “but I have nothing except victuals and clothes.” “Be content,” replied the king, “I have no more.”

## ENVY OF DIONYSIUS.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant, out of envy poisoned Philoxenius the musician, because he could sing, and Plato the philosopher, because he could dispute better than himself.

## MUTIUS.

MUTIUS, a citizen of Rome, was noted to be of so envious and malignant a disposition, that Publius one day observing him to be very sad, said, “Some great evil has happened to Mutius, or some great evil has happened to other.”

## CAMBYSES.

CAMBYSES, king of Persia, slew his brother Smerdis out of envy, because he could draw a stronger bow than himself, or any of his followers.

## CALIGULA.

THE monster Caligula slew his own brother because he was so beautiful a young man.





THE END

THE END

... was in the midst  
... made  
... of an Ox-  
... himself under a  
... turning his head  
... himself  
... sure to meet  
... if you will but be  
... I hope  
... make off again the  
... .

... night; in came the  
... and never saw him.  
... of the farm came and went,  
... expected any thing of the

matter. Nay, the bailiff himself came, according to form, and looked in, but walked away, no wiser than the rest. Upon this, the STAG, ready to jump out of his skin for joy, began to return thanks to the good-natured Oxen, protesting that they were the most obliging people he had ever met with in his life.

After he had done his compliments, one of them answered him gravely: "Indeed, we desire nothing more than to have it in our power to contribute to your escape; but there is a certain person, you little think of, who has a hundred eyes: if he should happen to come, I would not give this straw for your life."

In the interim, home comes the master himself, from a neighbour's, where he had been invited to dinner; and, because he had observed the cattle to look but scurvily of late, he went up to the rack, and asked why they did not give them more fodder; then, casting his eyes downward, "Heyday!" says he, "why so sparing of your litter? pray scatter a little more here. And these cobwebs—But I have spoken so often, that unless I do it myself . . . ." Thus, as he went on, prying into every thing, he chanced to look where the STAG's horns lay sticking out of the straw; upon which, he called all his people about him, killed the poor STAG, and made a prize of him.

MORAL.

The knave, whose wages are his booty,  
Goes through the mock routine of duty,  
From year to year;



and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besancon. "Mais le bataillon n'était pas là," said he, "il y a erreur." The minister recollecting that the emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besancon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The peculating accountant was dismissed, and the scrutinizing spirit of the emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection. His knowledge in other matters, was often as accurate and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies in 1801 astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country, which seemed the result of a life of research, but even the envoys from the insignificant Republic of San Marino, were astonished at finding that he knew the families and feuds of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions, and interests of parties and individuals, as if he had been educated in the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember a simple native of that place told me in 1814, that the phenomenon was accounted for by the saint of the town appearing to him over night, in order to assist his deliberations.

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#### CROMWELL'S VIGILANCE.

OLIVER CROMWELL carried the system of espionage to a perfection which it had never before attained in England, or since his death. It was not the smallest accident that befel Charles II. but Cromwell knew it well. A gentleman who had asked leave of Cromwell to travel, and on condition that he would not see Charles Stuart. On his return to London, however, the gentleman broke his promise.



FABLE XXXV.

The Dove and the Ant.

[By TAPNER.]

A LABOURING ANT, who, half a league,  
Had dragged his load with vast fatigue,  
Was trailing from a distant barn  
A huge, prodigious grain of corn ;  
Tottering, beneath the burthen bent,  
Dissolved in sweat, his strength quite spent ;  
While many a weary step he took,  
Along the margin of a brook,  
And homeward trudged, through thick and thin,  
Made a false step, and tumbled in.

He toiled, and with unequal strife,  
Panted, and struggled hard for life.  
The mighty waves come o'er his head,  
His powers are gone, his hopes are fled ;  
    flounces, plunges, strives in vain ;  
    sinks, then rising, floats again ;  
    ists the stream, and holds his breath ;  
    spairs of help, and waits for death.





She spoke : and mounting, spread her wings,  
And wheels aloft in airy rings,  
Seeking the well-known shady grove,  
To nurse her young, and bless her love.

When winter's snows deformed the year,  
And food was scarce, and frost severe,  
The grateful ANT, who had with pain  
Amassed a monstrous load of grain,  
And as the Dove might want, he thought,  
To find his benefactor, sought.

Long had he roved the forest round,  
Before the gentle Dove he found ;  
At distance seen, too far to hear  
His voice, a sportsman much too near,  
With lifted tube, and levelling eye,  
The fatal lead prepared to fly ;  
The trigger just began to move,  
His aim was pointed at the Dove.

With horror struck, the ANT beheld ;  
By gratitude and love impelled,  
He mounts, and to his eyelid clings,  
With all his force the fowler stings ;  
That moment was his piece discharged ;  
He starts, missed aim, the Dove's enlarged.

MORAL.

Whene'er we lend to others aid,  
We always shall be well repaid.

## THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A story is told of two travellers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy, than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in winter, they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. Even their faces were mostly covered; and you could see hardly anything but their eyebrows, and these were white and glistening with frost. At last they saw a poor man who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travellers. "Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible." "But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveller; "I must go to his relief," and he stopped the sledge. "Come," said he, "come help me to rouse him." "Not I," replied the other, "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere any more than is necessary. I will sit here; and keep myself as warm as I can till you come back." So saying he resolutely kept his seat while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man whom they had providentially discovered. The ordinary means of restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveller was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow creature that he had forgotten his exposure; and the consequence! Why the very effort which he made to warm the other warmed himself! And thus he had two-fold happiness: he had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent action, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by the exertions he had made. And how was it that he had not been so afraid of exposing himself? He was not, notwithstanding all the efforts he made to keep himself warm!

The little incident is very obvious. It is the way to happiness in every country. At every step of our

journey we find other travellers who need our friendly aid. Nay, God has brought them around our path in great numbers; and, as far as the eye can reach we see their dense and gloomy ranks. Now, there are two ways of meeting these objects of Christian sympathy and brotherly regard. We can go forward with the stern purposes of a selfish and unloving spirit, saying, in reply to every appeal which is addressed to our feelings, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled"; or we can say with the warm-hearted traveller, "I cannot see this man perish; I must hasten to his relief." And the rule which we adopt for our guidance in such cases will determine the question whether we are to be happy. The man who lives only for himself cannot be happy. God does not smile on him; and his conscience will give him no peace. But he who forgets himself in his desire to do good, not only becomes a blessing to others, but opens a perpetual fountain of joys in his own bosom.

#### A KIND ACT REWARDED.

"CAST thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return to thee," is a Scripture truth, which, like all truth, has been verified a thousand times. The following story may serve to illustrate the verity of this text.

Some thirty years since, a lad in one of the Eastern States, about ten years of age, was sent by his employer to carry a basket heavily laden with wares to a purchaser. While staggering under its weight up a somewhat steep hill, a gentleman of about thirty years proffered his assistance, and beguiled the tediousness of the way by pleasant anecdote, good advice, and kind words. They parted; fifteen years passed away; the senior of these two, now nearly fifty years of age, sat in his study with a melancholy countenance and heavy heart. His door opened, a young and fascinating daughter, just blooming into womanhood, entered to announce that a gentleman desired to see her. "Show him in, my darling daughter, and do not leave us to ourselves." She obeyed. The o

gentleman manner. "Well, sir," was his salutation, "have you remembered my proposition?" "I have, and have determined, however what may befall me, to do it by my act of mine, the will of my mind. She shall be left to her own free choice." "Then, sir, to-morrow, by three o'clock, your property must go into the hands of the sheriff, unless you find some friend to pay the twenty thousand dollars." Thus he said with a sneer, and coolly leaving, left the house. The poor father's heart was melted. "I am a beggar—my daughter is homeless—I have no friend to offer assistance in this hour of my severest trial."

In the midst of these bitter reflections, again his daughter entered, introducing a gentleman of some twenty-eight years of age—a stranger. "Am I in the presence of Mr. G.?" was his opening remark; which being affirmatively answered, he continued by saying that he was a successful merchant of New York, had heard of the misfortunes of Mr. G., and come on purpose to ask the amount of his liabilities, that he might loan the necessary funds to relieve his wants. Nor was he shocked at the mention of the large amount of twenty thousand dollars. He handed him his check, which was duly honoured; the father was once more a happy man; his daughter was not houseless; he had found some friend to pay despite the sneer of his hard-hearted creditor. "But pray sir," said the agitated father, "to what am I indebted for this munificent kindness from an entire stranger?" "Perhaps you have forgotten," was the reply, "that some eighteen years since you aided a friendless boy of a years of age, to carry his loaded basket up a hill—that you gave good advice and kindly words? I am that boy. I follow your advice; I have lived honestly; I have gained my bread, and now, after many years, I have come to return to you the bread which you then cast so freely upon the

#### A THANKSGIVING INCIDENT.

orthman—  
his sir

relates the following fact:—It is  
ning, we stepped into a store on

Front street, and found there a sailor hastily bargaining for a few necessary articles. His ship was upon the point of sailing, and he had not a moment to spare. But the store-keeper could not change the bill presented, and both were in perplexity. At this moment, a plain, and evidently hard-working man, who had been a spectator, stepped up, and exclaimed, "Never mind, Jack, I'll pay the score, so hurry off, or you'll lose your ship." Jack looked hesitatingly at the man, exclaimed, "Thank you, sir," and was gone. We were pleased at the occurrence, and it dwelt pleasantly in our mind for many days. But time wears away the solid stone, and so the memory of the sailor and his friend had passed away from us. We were again in the same store, and it was the day before Thanksgiving. There were many present, but one came slowly and sadly in. He was evidently a poor man, and he whispered anxiously to the store-keeper, and we caught the word "credit." The store-keeper shook his head. The poor man was turning away, when a rough voice saluted him—"Avast there a bit, I have seen you before!" We looked again, and memory came slowly to our aid. It was the sailor! We looked again, and saw in the poor man, he who had so readily paid his bill. The sailor had by this time grasped the poor man's hand, and was astonishing him with an outpouring of gratitude, garnished with oaths, the upshot of which was that "Shiver his timbers if he'd see him want while he had a shot in the locker." And he was as good as his word, for the poor man departed well laden with good things for the coming morrow. And so here was a more fitting afterpart to the little incident of three years before.

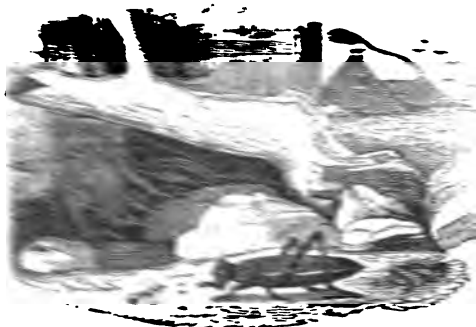


TABLE XXIV.

THE LIFE OF THE ANT.

FROM NATURE.

In the winter season, a number of ants was  
 busily employed in the management and preservation  
 of their corn: which they exposed to the air, in heaps,  
 round about the avenues of their little country habita-  
 tion. A Grasshopper, who had chanced to outlive  
 the summer, and was ready to starve with cold and  
 hunger, approached them with great humility, and  
 begged that they would relieve his necessity, with one  
 of wheat or rye. One of the ANTS asked him  
 he had disposed of his time in summer, that he  
 not taken pains, and laid in a stock, as they had.  
 "Alas! gentlemen," says he, "I passed away  
 time merrily and pleasantly, in drinking, singing,  
 dancing, and not a thought of winter." "If  
 it be the case," said ANT, "all I have to say

is, that they who drink, sing, and dance, in the summer, must starve in the winter."

## MORAL.

Who pleasures love  
Shall beggars prove.

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## THE IMPOVERISHED DUKE DEGRADED.

IN the year 1478, George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was, by a petition from the House of Lords, publicly degraded by an act of Parliament, and his titles taken from him. The charge against him was, that having by gambling and other infamous practices, lost his fortune, he had not sufficient income to support the honour and dignity of a peer, which was disgraced in his person. The representation was made to King Edward IV., who directed the means to be pursued for his ejection from the Upper House of Parliament. The degraded duke went to France, where he died soon after in the most wretched and miserable manner

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## THE SPENDTHRIFT RECLAIMED.

A YOUNG MAN, who had given himself up to the rule of vicious principles and habits, wasted a very large fortune in two or three years by his follies and pleasures, united with his vices. When his fortune was at last all spent, the companions of his enjoyments abandoned him to himself. Reduced to absolute beggary and despair, he one day went out of the house determined to destroy himself. Wandering about in this desperate state of mind, he came to the brow of a hill which overlooked what had lately been his estates. He sat down and spent some hours in deep thought, when he sprang up with a determined resolve to *have them all again*. He went back to the nearest village, and obtained work at the meanest services, saving



cash earnings, and begging his food and lodgings for some of the jobs he performed. He entirely abandoned his "pleasures," and died the owner of his first estates, and worth *sixty thousand pounds*.

#### THE BEGGARED HEIR.

AN old woman, who used to show the house and pictures at Towcester, expressed herself in these words: "That is Sir Robert Farmer; he lived in the country—took care of his estate—built this house, and paid for it—managed well—saved money, and died rich. *That* is his son. He was made a lord, took a place at court, spent his estate, and died a beggar." A very concise and full account, and conveying a valuable lesson. "He layeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

#### THE CALCULATING SPENDTHRIFT OUTLIVING HIS TIME.

ONE of the most eccentric characters of modern times died in September, 1849, at the Cochin Hospital at Paris. This man, whose name was Jules Andre Gueret, being possessed, when twenty-five years of age, of a considerable fortune, resolved never to marry. He converted his entire estate into hard cash, and, in order not to suffer any losses from failures, depreciation of property, etc., he kept his money in his own possession. He made the following calculation: "The life of a sober man over a period of seventy years; that of a man who has no kind of amusement may attain fifty-five or thereabout; the whole of my hopes cannot go beyond that; a last resort, suicide is at my command." He divided his fortune into equal portions for each year's expenses.

He nicely arranged, that at the expiration of his life Gueret would have nothing left, and each year's portion set apart. But, alas! he neglected the attachment of man to life; for,

in 1843, having exceeded the prescribed period, he patiently submitted to his misfortune, and being then old and infirm, he took his stand on the Quai des Celestins, with a small box and a few lucifer matches, living on the charity of the passers by. He wore suspended round his neck a piece of pasteboard, on which were written the following lines of his own composition :

“Ayez pitie, passants, du pauvre Andre Gueret :  
Dont la vie est longue, helas ! qu'il ne croyait.”

Which may be translated :

“Have pity, passers by ! and poor Gueret relieve,  
Whose life, alas ! is longer than he could e'er believe.”

The cholera carried him off at last, to the regret of the *artistes* of the rue St. Louis, whose leisure hours he whiled away by the relation of his youthful recollections.



FABLE XXXVII.

The Hermit and the Bear.

[FROM LA FONTAINE.]

ONCE ON a time, a mountain BEAR  
Lived in a forest drear, with no Bears near him ;  
Fat, fierce, and sulky.  
Nor man, nor other beast, approached his lair ;  
His neighbours all despise, or hate, or fear him.  
'Tis good to talk,—to hold one's tongue,—  
Though either in excess be wrong :—  
Our hermit bulky,  
So shaggy, sullen, taciturn, and rude,  
Bear as he was, grew sick of solitude.

As the same time, by chance, retired  
In a world, a man advanced in age,  
Stout and healthy.  
His devotion's flame his heart was fired ;  
And fasting occupied the sage ;  
He on : and he shut his door,  
Vows of : ty he swore :—  
The v as wealthy.  
and, or fair, betrayed,  
wif uned with his spade.

High-priest of Flora you might call him ;  
Nor less was he the favorite of Pomona.

But one day, walking,  
He found it dull ; and should some ill befall him,  
In his sweet paradise, he felt alone,—Ah !  
For neither rose, nor pink, nor vine,  
Except in such a lay as mine,  
Are given to talking.  
His head, old Time, had now long years heap'd many on ;  
So he resolved to look for some companion.

On this important expedition,—  
But fearing his researches would be vain,—

The sage departed :  
Revolving deeply his forlorn condition,  
He slowly mused along a narrow lane ;  
When, on a sudden,—unawares,—  
A nose met his :—it was the BEAR's !  
With fright he started.

*Fear is a common feeling : he that wise is,  
Although his fright be great, his fear disguises.*

*Prudence suggested—"Stand your ground ;  
Tis hard to turn, and harder still to dash on."*

Prudence prevails.—  
Twixt kindred minds a sympathy is found  
lights up oft at sight a tender passion,  
ere sexes are of different kind ;  
I oft 'twill ties of friendship bind,  
Between two males :

These magic signs our hermits, at a glance, see :  
Each found he strongly pleased the other's fancy.

Bruin at compliments was awkward,  
But was not long his sentiments in telling—

“ Old man, I like you ! ”—

The man replied, “ Fair sir, you need not walk hard,  
In half an hour you'll reach my humble dwelling.

I've milk, and various sorts of fruit,

If any should your palate suit,

Take what may strike you ;

On me it will confer the highest pleasure

To spread before you all my garden's treasure.”

On jogged the human HERMIT with the BEAR  
Like smoking Germans, few words interlarding ;

Though little said,

Finding their tempers suited to a hair,

They grew firm friends before they reached the garden.

Each took his trade in woods the same,

One dug, the other hunted game,

And often sported

And Bruin, o'er his watch keeping,

Chased off the intruder him when sleeping.

On

The we

Giv

With a light whisp of herbs sweet-scented,  
And thus the teasing flies prevented;  
That buzzing host,  
From fixing on his sleeping patron's visage,  
Sunk in the deep repose so fit for his age.

One blue-bottle his care defied ;—  
No place could please him but the old man's nose,  
Quite unabashed.  
The BEAR, provok'd, no means would leave untried ;  
At last, a vigorous, certain mode, he chose :—  
Extending wide his heavy paw,  
And thrusting hard each crooked claw,  
The fly was smashed :—  
But his poor patron's face, so roughly patted,  
All stream'd with blood, and smooth his nose was flatted.

The BEAR sneaked off to humble distance,  
Seeing the damage he had done his friend ;  
Who raged with smart ;  
But calling in philosophy's assistance,  
Anger, he thought, his wounds would never mend,  
So, colly said, " Farewell, friend Bruin !  
Since you have laid my face in ruin,  
'Tis time to part."

## MORAL.

such mishaps expect to share,  
end, think fit to take a Bear.

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## REV. GEORGE HARVEST.

ONE of the most singular characters on record, is the Rev. George Harvest, a graduate of the University of Oxford. His eccentricities united with his talents, his vivacity and his singular absent-mindedness, made him remarkable; and had it not been for his attainments and abilities, his numerous breaches of the most common usages of society, his outrages upon good manners, and his frequent violations of the delicacies and decencies of life, would have made him a companion for the vulgar, instead of an intimate in the society of the refined and the noble.

Having an income of £300 per annum, he had insinuated himself into the graces of the bishop's daughter, and the wedding day was fixed; but, unfortunately, forgetting the important appointment, he went out fishing, and stayed out so long beyond the hour, that the lady, highly offended at his neglect, broke off the match.

After this it might be supposed that he would have taken better care the second time. But not so. Having formed an engagement with an amicable and excellent lady, with a handsome fortune, the day was appointed for the wedding. He was to breakfast with the bride and her father. When the carriage came to the door to convey him to the house, he was not to be found. He had set off about seven o'clock in the morning, and no one knew where he was. It was nearly dusk before he collected anything of the affair, when he took to his heels, in company, and ran like a madman all the way back—so bespattered with mud, that he could hardly be recognised. He sought to apologise for his neglect, but the lady refused to hear him afterward; and the disappointed bachelor made the frequent observation that that day was the worst of his life.

Seeing one of his friends and his wife in a garden, for a joke, and put the key in his pocket, he forgot them, and the prisoners remained there until near night. At another time, he mis-

took the house of a friend where he was visiting, went into another, and rambled over the house in the dark, got into a room where an old lady was ill of the quinsy, kicked over the night-stool, tumbled down the clothes-horse, and other articles, and alarmed her so much that the servants heard her cries, and came up. When she was quieted, and she learned that Dr. Harvest had been stumbling all over the house in the dark, she was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter, which *broke her quinsy*, and she lived many years to laugh afresh at the ridiculous adventure of the absent-minded clergyman.

He was so inattentive and absent-minded, that at last no one would lend him a horse, as he was often seen dragging a bridle after him, which had slipped off the animal's head, or had been loosened by mischievous boys. He could give no account of the borrowed or hired beast. On one occasion, picking up a curious pebble, he was asked to tell the hour, when he threw his watch into the river, and coolly thrust the stone into his pocket. On prayer days, when he should have been reading service in the pulpit, he frequently walked into the church out of curiosity, in hunting trim, with his gun upon his arm, to ask what the people were all assembled there for. When visiting, he usually, as he did at home, made a wrong use of everything, taking the sheets from his bed for towels, and getting into bed at night with his boots on.

His almost inexcusable breaches of good breeding were as numerous as his blunders and accidents. He generally travelled on foot, and instead of turning out of the way to find the best part of the road, he would walk through the mud until he was unfit to be seen. He seldom carried money with him, but instead would fill his pockets with gingerbread, angleworms, tobacco, gunpowder, and such articles, which he would keep about him till they were so corrupt and noisome, as to render his company a perfect nuisance. The Countess of Pembroke once turned out enough of the dirt to fill a dust-shovel.

Having accompanied Lord Sandwich to Calais on a visit, he lost his way in the streets. He could not speak a word of



French ; but recollecting that Lord Sandwich was at the Silver Lion, he put a shilling in his mouth, and set himself in the attitude of a lion rampant. After exciting a great deal of attention, he was led back to the inn by a soldier, under the idea that he was a maniac escaped from his keeper.

His conduct was often very improper in the company of ladies. He was guilty of numerous violations of courtesy and delicacy. One of them is an exact illustration of the Fable with which we couple this brief sketch of Mr. Harvest.

Sitting one day among a company, mostly of ladies, at Lady Onslow's, a large fly, which had buzzed about him a long time, at last settled upon the bonnet of one of them. The doctor, observing this, got up, and with a grave look and accent, addressed the fly in these words : " May you be married ! " and watching his opportunity to kill it, he lifted his hand and gave the lady such a blow upon the head, that her head-dress was altogether deranged, and she suffering with the blow, the company became much confused. Had not Lady Onslow come into the room at the moment, and made a handsome apology for the rudeness of the doctor's conduct, and accounted for it by his failing, the whole company would have been broken up highly offended. On Mr. Harvest's making an apology, and begging pardon, and confessing that he did not know what he was about, the affair terminated in a hearty laugh.

Mr. Harvest's forgetfulness continued through life. Though an acceptable preacher and a good scholar, he was an offensive sloven, and his failings made him often very coarse and rude. He died in August, 1789, at the age of sixty-one.





FABLE XXXVIII.

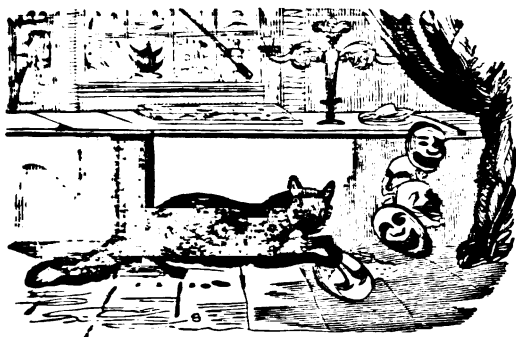
### The Brother and Sister.

[FROM OROKALL.]

A CERTAIN Man had two children, a Son and a Daughter. The Boy handsome enough ; the Girl not quite so comely. They were both very young ; and happened, one day, to be playing near the looking-glass, which stood on their mother's toilet : the Boy, pleased with the novelty of the thing, viewed himself for some time, and in a wanton, roguish manner, observed to the Girl, how handsome he was. She resented the insult, and ran immediately to her father, and, with a great deal of aggravation, complained of her brother ; particularly for having acted so effeminate a part as to look in a glass, and meddle with things which belonged to women only. The father, embracing them both, with much tenderness and affection, told them, that he should like to have them both look in

at age seven years and his only  
signifier named Keller. Unfor-  
tunately had a fatal influence on his after  
life, namely of making ample pro-

vision for his young guest, proposed uniting him to one of his daughters, whilst Haydn was engrossed in his studies, having no thoughts of love, made no objection; and afterwards keeping his word with scrupulous honour, the union proved far from happy. On leaving the house of his friend Keller (we do not know for what reason), for six long years he endured a bitter conflict against penury so piercing, that often during winter he was obliged to lay in bed for want of fuel and other necessities. An opportunity at last presented itself of improving his circumstances; for by chance the Prince Esterhazy, a passionate amateur of music, was present at a concert which very opportunely commenced with one of Haydn's pieces. The delight of the Prince was unbounded, and he immediately appointed the composer sub-director of his orchestra, and he demanded who he was. Haydn, in fear and trembling, advanced, when the Prince exclaimed, "What! is that the little Moor?" (alluding to his complexion.) Then addressing him, added, "Go and dress yourself as my chapel-master. You must never appear again in my presence in the plight you are now. You are too little, and have a pitiful-looking face. Get a new coat and high-heeled shoes, that your stature may correspond with your mind." Haydn was too happy at his appointment to feel much chagrin at this equivocal style of compliment.



FABLE XXXIX.

*The Fox and the Mask.*

[Paraphrased from Esop.]

A Fox walked round a Toyman's shop,  
 (How he came there, pray do not ask,)  
 But soon he made a sudden stop,  
 To look and wonder at a MASK.

Useful and fair,  
 How was made;  
 I want to wear  
 In disguise.

Surprise,  
 He said;  
 HARD cries,  
 Eyes and chin;

And cheeks and lips, extremely pretty ;  
 And yet, one thing there still remains  
 To make it perfect,—what a pity,  
 So fine a head should have no brains !”

Thus, to some boy or maiden pretty,  
 Who to get learning takes no pains,  
 May we exclaim, “ Ah ! what a pity,  
 So fine a head should have no brains !”

## BEAUTY AND VANITY.

“ I ONCE knew,” says Mr. Abbott, “ a little boy of unusually bright and animated countenance. Every one who entered the house noticed the child, and spoke of his beauty. One day a gentleman called upon business, and being engaged in conversation, did not pay that attention to the child to which he had been accustomed. The vain little fellow made many efforts to attract notice, but not succeeding, he at last placed himself in front of the gentleman, and said to him, ‘ Why, don’t you see how beautiful I be !’ ”

## VANITY.

No musical performer ever had a higher idea of her talents than *Adelaide Catalani*; and she expressed it with a coolness abundantly amusing. When she visited Hamburgh for a few days, Mr. Schevenke, the chief musician of that city, criticised her vocal performances with great severity. Mr. Schevenke, of his dissent from general opinion, expressed his opinion, and called him, among many names, “ for,” said she, “ when God has bestowed an extraordinary talent as I possess, people honour it as a miracle, and it is a sin to doubt of its power in Heaven.”

FABLE XL.

**The Bug and the Acorns.**

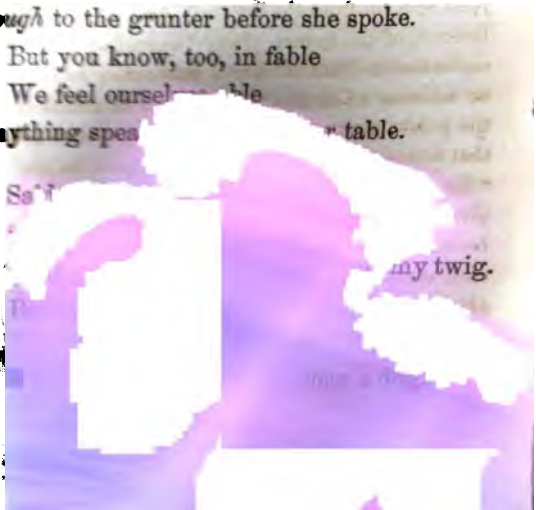
[From the German of Lessing.]

ONE moonshiny night  
With great appetite,  
A HOG feasted on ACORNS with all his might.  
Quite pleased with his prize,  
Both in taste and in size,  
While he ate he devoured the rest with his eyes.

You know, I'm in joke,  
When I say that the oak,  
Moved a ~~leugh~~ to the grunter before she spoke.  
But you know, too, in fable  
We feel ourselves able  
To make anything speak at a table.

You might

And have



He replied, looking up,  
 Though not ceasing to sup,  
 Till the Acorns were eaten, aye, every cup,  
 "I acknowledge, to you  
 My thanks would be due,  
 If from feelings of kindness my supper you threw.

To-morrow, good dame,  
 Give my children the same,  
 And then you, with justice, may gratitude claim."

## MORAL.

He merits no praise  
 To the end of his days,  
 Who to those who surround him no service conveys.

## LEAVING THE WORLD BETTER.

THE footway from Hampton Wick through Bushy Park, (a royal demesne) to Kingston-upon-Thames, had been for many years shut up from the public. An honest shoemaker, Timothy Bennett, of the former place, "*unwilling* (it was his favourite expression) *to leave the world worse than he found it*," consulted an attorney upon the practicability of recovering this road for the public, and the probable expense of a legal process for that purpose. "I don't see how I can cobble the job," said Timothy, "it will cost me a good many pounds, and I should be willing to let it go, if the folks might not keep the upper hand." The lawyer informed him that no such thing could be done, and that he must try the right; then said the worthy shoemaker, "I'll stick to them to the bitter end." The notice of action; up



which his lordship sent for Timothy, and on his entering the lodge, his lordship said with some warmth, "And who are you that has the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton Wick. I remember, sir, please your lordship, to have seen, when I was a young man, sitting at work, the people cheerfully pass by my shop in Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burden; and I am unwilling to leave the world worse than I found it. This, my lord, I humbly represent is the reason why I have taken this work in hand." "Begone," replied his lordship, "you are an impertinent fellow." However, upon mature reflection, his lordship, convinced of the equity of the cause, began to compute the shame of a defeat by a *shoe maker*, hastened from his opposition, notwithstanding the opinion of the crown lawyers, and re-opened the road, which is enjoyed by the public without manifestation to this day. Timothy died about two years after, aged seventy-seven, and was followed to the grave by the entire populace of the village.

#### A NOBLE REQUEST.

An old man of the name of Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. He amassed a large fortune by the closest industry, and the severest labour, and privation. His neighbours complained that he was hoarding up money and treasures. The populace pursued him with harangues and execrations and reviled him. He the following words: the poor of Marseilles may be purchased at the whole of my life and I direct that the building an aque

## WHY DO YOU PLANT TREES?

A very poor and aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple tree, was asked, "Why do you plant trees who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself, and leaning upon his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."





FABLE XII.

The Dog and his Shadow.

[FROM CHICALL.]

A Dog, crossing a little rivulet, with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream; and believing it to be another Dog, who was carrying another piece of flesh, he could not forbear catching at it; but was so busy from getting any thing by his greedy design, that he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which fell to the bottom, and was irrecoverably

lost. He thus learned by his greediness to lose the thing he wanted to keep.

## FAIR AWARD.

A PEASANT once entered the hall of justice at Florence, at the time that Alexander, Duke of Tuscany, was presiding. He stated, that he had the good fortune to find a purse of sixty ducats, and learning that it belonged to Friuli, the merchant, who offered a reward of ten ducats to the finder, he restored it to him, but that he had refused the promised reward. The duke instantly ordered Friuli to be summoned into his presence, and questioned why he refused the reward. The merchant replied, "That he conceived the peasant had paid himself, for although when he gave notice of his loss, he said this purse only contained sixty ducats, it in fact had seventy in it." The duke inquired if this mistake was discovered before the purse was found? Friuli answered in the negative. "Then," said the duke, "as I have a very high opinion of the honesty of this peasant, I am induced to believe that there is indeed a mistake in this transaction; for as the purse you lost had in it seventy ducats, and this which he found contains sixty only, it is impossible that it can be the same." He then gave the purse to the peasant, and promised to protect him against all future claimants.



FABLE XLII.

The Elephant, Jackal, and Hippopotamus.

[From the Senegal Fables.]

COME, sit round the table :  
I think I am able  
To make you all laugh with a Senegal Fable.

I presume, Senegal  
Is known to you all,  
'Tis the Island St. Louis which some people call.

'Tis in Africa, where  
Are the Lion and Bear ;  
The Jackal and Elephant also are there.

It likewise is famous  
For one which they name as  
The great River Horse, or the Hippopotamus.

A JACKAL, ill fed,  
To the ELEPHANT said,  
" Give me something to eat, for I'm almost dead.

“Just lend me a Pig,—  
I vow, by your wig,  
I’ll return you another three times as big.

“Yes,” adds the sly elf,  
“For that Pig, on your shelf,  
I’ll give you another as big as yourself.”

He replied, “I agree,  
For, betwixt you and me,  
Such a Pig I should very much like to see.

“So, JACK, I consent.”  
For the Pig as he went,  
He exclaim’d, “What a profit! Two hundred per cent!”

JACK then took the same course  
With the great River Horse,  
And he begged and he promised with all his force.

“Shall I,” HIPPO said,  
“With a Pig be repaid,  
Like myself? Why, sure, such a Pig ne’er was made!”

“To my wife what a treasure!  
My children—what pleasure!  
Five yards in the girth it will certainly measure!”

At length, came the day  
For the JACKAL to pay,  
With creditors both too impatient to stay.

THEY WERE BOTH IN THE HOUSE.

THEY WERE BOTH IN THE HOUSE.

THEY WERE BOTH IN THE HOUSE.

THEY WERE BOTH IN THE HOUSE.

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"How I wish I'd a stick!"

Said the ELEPHANT, quick;

"That knave of a JACKAL has played us a trick."

"No, no!" HIPPO said;

"By avarice led,

We both suffer justly. Now lets go to bed."

---

THE LOTTERY TICKET, OR AVARICE OVERLEAPING  
ITSELF.

THAT virtue is its own reward, is a maxim which experience has long ago confirmed; and it is equally certain, that avarice often overleaps itself. A singular instance in support of both these acknowledged truths, occurred towards the close of the last century in the British metropolis. A merchant, somewhat remarkable for absence of mind, had left his counting-house for the Bank, with a large sum of money, which he intended to deposit there. On reaching Lombard street, he found his pocket cut, and his pocket-book missing. He immediately suspected that his pocket had been picked of all his money, and returning home, mentioned the circumstance to his clerk. What, however, was his astonishment, at finding that he had left the money behind, and that though his pocket-book had been taken from him, yet it contained nothing but a few papers of little consequence.

Pleased with the integrity of his clerk, who gave him the money he thought he had lost, he promised him a handsome present; but neglecting to fulfill his promise, was reminded of it. Unwilling to part with money, he gave the clerk one of two lottery tickets he had purchased. The young man would have preferred money, as he had parents, far advanced in years, who depended on him for support; he, however, was contented, and as it afterwards proved, had cause to be so, for this ticket drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds, which enabli



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FABLE XLIII

*The Monkey and the Cat.*

[FROM LA FONTAINE.]

AN APE and CAT, in roguery and fun  
 Sworn brothers twain, both own'd a common master;  
 Whatever mischief in the house was done,  
 By Pug and Tom contrived was each disaster.  
 The feat performed, in chimney-corner snug,  
 With face demure, sat cunning Tom and Pug.

By Tom were mice and rats but rarely taken;  
 A duck or chicken better met his wishes;  
 While Tom gnawed the cheese and bacon,  
 Delight to break the china dishes;  
 The nicest viands oft a guttler,  
 Than e'er the footman or the butler.

I have been in the  
with a merchant.

The man, named  
a merchant, was this

JOHN L. W.

At a time when  
about the middle  
he took up his  
he, no one will be  
followed him in  
between, wished  
whereabouts.  
not old man  
not, it was if  
and all her  
more of a  
of a man  
he, and  
two of  
for our  
self  
for  
for  
}

THE ADVENTURE  
I remember  
a smiling man  
said he, "has  
I am a  
on  
"And will  
me a

er?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon  
 little full. "How old are you? and what's your  
 nued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure  
 of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you  
 few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery,  
 fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day.  
 ew axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired  
 The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my  
 re blistered, and it was not half ground. At length,  
 the axe was sharpened; and the man turned to me  
 ow, you little rascal, you have played truant; scud to  
 or you'll rue it!" "Alas!" thought I, "it was hard  
 to turn a grindstone this cold day; but now to be called  
 rascal is too much." It sunk deep in my mind; and  
 have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over  
 to his customers—begging them to take a little brandy,  
 throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has  
 axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people,  
 making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in  
 vate life a tyrant—methinks, look out good people; that  
 llow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man  
 oisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification  
 to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks,  
 deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grind-  
 stone for a booby.

#### MEER JAFFIER AND THE BRITISH.

THE progress of the British arms in India had been such,  
 that in order to secure the possessions which had been acquired,  
 and give permanence to British interests, it was resolved to  
 pose the reigning sovereign and elevate a native who should  
 their own tool, to the throne. By placing the new prince  
 ler obligation to the British arms for his greatness, it was  
 ected that he would be the willing instrument in the  
 of the British-India government of extending and suppo

supremacy of the foreign rule. Surajah Dowlah was, at that time, Nabob of Bengal. In order to depose him it was deemed necessary to bribe one or more of his leading officers and supporters, and by an abominable act of treachery, to be thus made masters of the person of the nabob. After negotiating for the purpose, Meer Jaffier, the leading general in the nabob's army, was secured as the instrument, and the terms being arranged, the battle of Plassey, which occurred on the 23d of June, 1757, was provoked, at which time the treacherous aspirant deserted his sovereign, and with a large portion of the army, went over to the British side. Surajah Dowlah was made prisoner and assassinated, and Meer Jaffier was proclaimed Nabob. Thus far, the enormities and crimes had been successful, so far as the British aggressions were concerned, but it was soon found that Meer Jaffier was an indolent and tyrannical ruler, given up to the indulgence of his vices and his pleasures. In addition to these causes of complaint, the large sums which he agreed to pay the British remained unsettled, and the revenues required for the troops and the government being unpaid or insufficient, the latter resolved to effect another change, and the usurper whom they made the tool of their own schemes of conquest, soon became the victim of their distrust and revenge. He was deposed, and Meer Cossim, his son-in-law, elevated to the office of Nabob. Thus, the agent of these iniquitous proceedings became the sufferer at the hands of the party which had used only to injure him, and cast him off at their own convenience.

FABLE XLIV.

The Redbreast and the Sparrow.

[From DODSLEY.]

As a REDBREAST was singing on a tree, by the side of a rural cottage, a SPARROW, perched upon the thatch, took occasion thus to reprimand him : " And dost thou," said he, " with thy dull autumnal note, presume to emulate the birds of spring ? Can thy weak warblings pretend to vie with the sprightly accents of the Thrush and the Blackbird ? With the various melody of the Lark and the Nightingale ? whom other birds, far thy superiors, have long been content to admire in silence."

" Judge with candour, at least," replied the ROBIN ;  
" nor impute those efforts to ambition solely, which

some

from love of the art. I reverence,  
eans envy, the birds whose fame  
ages. Their songs have charmed  
but their season is past, and their

8"

not, however, the ambition to  
my efforts are of a much  
may surely hope for "



canary-song, and could sing it to perfection. Then he would sing with them in perfect harmony and perfect time, always closing at the exact note with them.

It is also a little singular, that although, through all this training, he was never known to begin to make a sound till the canaries had first struck the key-note; yet, after he had acquired the skill to sing their song, *he* must always himself now give the signal by a significant *cluck*, when instantly the canaries, generously forgetting or forgiving his former incivilities, would strike in with him, and perform the piece with the greatest perfection, and with the highest delight to themselves and the listening family, who enjoyed this singular concert through the early part of every day for the whole summer.

It is also worthy of remark, that this successful essayist in foreign music, was never known to utter a note, or to attempt to utter a note in his native tongue, till he had mastered the canary. Then, after a few weeks, when he found himself something of an independent singer, and capable, as he thought, of leading the choir, he at last ventured to go without the chorus, and attempt his own native melody. In his first attempts at the solo, it was most diverting to hear him in confused notes, part in his native bobolink, and part in canary, till, at length, he was able to expel all foreign element from his style, and sing only the pure bobolink.

Having now succeeded in this, he proposed to the canaries to chorus again, and gave the *cluck*, when the canaries, off, singing their own native song.

he threw himself on his "reserved", and so they have continued to the bobolink, and they canary. And as he — when he does, and end when he





FABLE XIV. ✓

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.

[From POPE.]

ONCE ON a time, (so runs the fable,)  
 A COUNTRY MOUSE, right hospitable,  
 Received a TOWN MOUSE at his board,  
 Just as a farmer might a lord ;  
 A frugal Mouse, upon the whole,  
 Yet loved his friend, and had a soul.  
 He brought him *nothing* (nothing lean) ;  
 Pudding, *nothing* pleased a dean ;  
 Cheese, *nothing* could milk make,  
*nothing* for his sake ;  
*nothing* way sparing,  
*nothing* ring,  
*nothing* hit,  
*nothing* sat ;

He did his best to seem to eat,  
 And cried "I vow, you're mighty neat!  
 But, my dear friend, this savage scene!—  
 For mercy's sake, come, live with men:  
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,  
 Both small and great; both you and I:  
 Then spend your life in joy and sport;  
 (This doctrine, friend, I learned at court.)"

The veriest hermit in the nation  
 May yield, we know, to strong temptation.  
 Away they came, through thick and thin,  
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn.  
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,  
 When all their lordships had sat late.)  
 Behold the place, where, if a poet  
 Shined in description, he might show it;  
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,  
 And tipt with silver all the walls;  
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
 Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:  
 But let it (in a word) be said,

up, and men a-bed;  
 White, the carpet red;  
 Withdrawn, had left the treat,  
 The mice sat "*tête-à-tête*."

from dish to dish,  
 of fowl and fish;



FABLE XIV.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

[From Fables]

ONCE ON a time, (so runs the fable)  
A COUNTRY MOUSE, right hospitable,  
Received a TOWN MOUSE at his house;  
Just as a farmer might a lord;  
A frugal Mouse, upon the whole,  
Yet loved his friend, and had no guile;  
He brought him bacon (nothing but)  
Pudding, that might have pleased a child;  
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk use;  
But wished it Stilton for his guest;  
Yet, to his guest though no way vain,  
He ate, himself, the rind and part;  
His partner scarce could touch a crumb;  
And his breeding and his

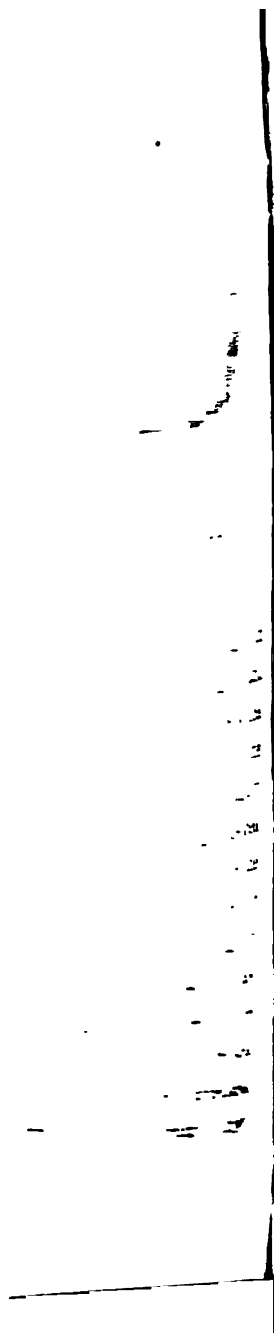
CONDITION.

stance of contentment and conversation, Dr. S. said :  
honest friend ?”

shepherd ; “ ’tis not a ve  
as that which my great  
ry state and condition of  
, while I only submit to

old and heat,” said the

; “ but then I am not e  
throwing one thing  
ive to make things more  
hted creatures are apt to  
t his father’s sheep, on  
his own psalms, perhaps  
of Israel and Judah.”  
ring life is a happy one  
lly so, as it exposes  
d continued a poor la  
might have lived hap  
in his bed at last, whi



"It may be true," replied the BRAMBLE; "but man has marked you out for public use, and when the axe comes to be applied to your root, you will not be glad to change with the very worst of us."

#### MORAL.

In condition we should be humble; for the station, the greater the danger.

#### MENZIKOFF.

ANDER MENZIKOFF, who rose to the highest offices of Russia, during the reign of Peter the Great, was born to parents so poor, that they could not afford to have him read or write. After their death, he went to Moscow for employment, which he found in the service of a cook. He had a fine voice, and soon became known in the city from the musical tone of his cry when vending his master's pastry in the streets. His voice also gained for him admission into the houses of many noblemen; and he was fortunate enough to be in the kitchen of a nobleman at whose table the emperor was to dine. While Menzikoff was there, the nobleman came into the kitchen, and gave directions about a particular dish, to which he said the emperor was very partial, into this dish he dropped (as he thought unobserved) a powder. Menzikoff saw it, but taking no notice, he left the kitchen, and when he saw the emperor's carriage coming, he cried very loud. Peter, attracted by his voice, called to him, and asked all he had in his basket. He asked some powder, and was so much pleased that he commanded him to follow him to the nobleman's house, and wait there. The servants were surprised at this order

proved of the greatest importance to Peter: for when the host pressed the emperor to take this favourite dish, his waiter pulled him by the sleeve, and told him not to touch it till he had spoken to him. Peter retired, and was informed of the circumstance in the kitchen. When he returned, he commanded his host to eat of the dish; but he excused himself by saying "it did not become the servant to eat before his master." Peter gave the dish to a dog, which soon expired in great torment.

Menzikoff now became a great favourite with the emperor, and rose to the highest dignities. On the death of Catharine, Menzikoff, as vice-chancellor, crowned the emperor's grandson under the title of Peter III. The new emperor was young and pliant, and the Dolgoroukia, a powerful noble family who hated Menzikoff, set about the destruction of the latter, and his fall was more rapid than his rise. He was banished to Beresoff. His exile was attended with every aggravation possible. After being stripped of his offices, his income, and his dignities, he was ordered to reside in his country house; and while on his way thither, he was sent after him, with a decree of banishment to Siberia. During six months in the year at Beresoff, he was in great joy. The Princess Menzikoff died in the winter, and was buried on the banks of the Volga. She suffered much at the journey through the cold, and her journey was very long. The family were treated like the worst of criminals. After having been used to the greatest luxuries, they were clad in the coarsest garments, exposed to the rigours of a Siberian winter, in small wooden carts without springs, making the journey a painful and cruel torture. Menzikoff and one of his daughters died in exile.

When Menzikoff found his death approaching, he called his children, and thus addressed them: "My children, to my last hour: death, the thoughts of which to me since I have been here, would have been a relief, if I had only to ascend to the Saviour spent in misfortune. Hitherto

your hearts have been free from corruption : *you will preserve your innocence better in these deserts than at court* ; but should you return to it, recollect only the examples your father has given you here."

Fortunes change, and often suddenly. On the accession of the Empress Anne to the throne, Menzikoff's younger daughter and his son returned to Russia ; and the Dolgoroukis felt, in their turn, all the horrors they had contributed to inflict on the Menzikoffs ; with this aggravation, that the same messenger who conveyed them to Berezoff, carried with him the recall of Menzikoff and his family. The cold of this part of Siberia is so intense as to preclude the capability of culture, and the solitude so great, that the poor exile sees only his fellow sufferers in misery, except now and then a solitary Tartar who may chance to pass his dwelling on his way to Tobolsk, with his tribute of furs.

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**XERXES** crowned his footmen in the morning, and beheaded them in the evening of the same day. Andromachus, the Greek emperor, crowned his admiral in the morning, and beheaded him in the afternoon. Roffensis had a cardinal's hat sent to him, but his head was cut off before it came to hand !

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#### CYRUS.

**CYRUS**, the Persian King, was accustomed to say, that did men but know the cares he had to sustain, he thought no man would wish to wear his crown.



FABLE XLVII.

*The Hawthorn and the Primrose.*

[From Fables of Flowers.]

BENEATH a wild and rustic shade,  
Impervious to the view,  
In the sweet smiling month of May,  
A lovely PRIMEROSE grew.

The gentle child of early spring,  
By bounteous Flora crowned ;  
With vernal beauties born to deck  
The unfrequented ground.

The brightest dye, the sweetest scent,  
Her yellow leaves could yield,  
Were spent upon the empty air,  
Nor e'er adorned the field.

For round her grew a bush  
With many a thorn bar  
And many a weed, that  
Deformed the green

But high above the rest advanced,  
A fragrant HAWTHORN rose ;  
Whose spreading branches overhung  
The seat of her repose.

Her the lone ROSE, in mournful guise,  
Full many a day had eyed ;  
And thus, at length, one summer's eve,  
She, all impatient cried :—

“ Ah, THORN ! the bane of all my hopes !  
Ah, THORN ! that wound'st my peace !  
Still must I view thy branches spread,  
And still my woes increase.

What have I done, O wretch ! that still  
This evil treatment meets ?  
Or hast thou aught in lieu to give  
To those who lose my sweets ?”

The HAWTHORN thus to her replied :—  
“ Fond pageant of an hour !  
Art thou displeased because I bloom,  
Though sheltered by my power ?

Answered she, that, I me,

Thee I protect ; myself am known  
 Among the warlike race,  
 Whom Nature arms with prompt defence  
 Of most excelling grace.

Nor idly I these weapons wear,  
 Nor idle is my bloom :  
 One arms me for myself and thee,  
 The other sheds perfume.

Cease, then ; nor envy this my state,  
 Which must thy own defend ;  
 The thorns I bear shall save thy flower,  
 And prove thy surest friend."

So spake the HAWTHORN, justly wise ;  
 The ROSE, unanswering, heard ;—  
 I caught the moral as it rose,  
 And thus its sense appeared :

#### MORAL.

Life's humble vale is most secure ;  
 Cares on the exalted wait :  
 Yet those who well the weak protect,  
 Deserve unenvied state.

#### THE PRIME MINISTER'S MISERY.

On a court day, in December, 1795, Sir John Sinclair happened to meet Mr. Secretary Dundas at St. James's, who pressed him to name a day for visiting him at Wimbledon. The day fixed upon chanced to be the last day of the year. The party was numerous, and included Mr. Pitt. Sir John

remained all night; and, next morning, according to Scottish custom, resolved to pay his host an early visit in his own apartments. He found the secretary in the library, reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape, as an additional security for the Indian possessions. His guest shook him by the hand, adding the usual congratulation, "I come, my friend, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of the season," The secretary, after a short pause, replied with some emotion, "I hope this year will be happier than the last, for I can scarcely recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it." This confession, coming from one whose whole life had been a series of triumphs, and who appeared to stand secure upon the summit of political ambition, was often dwelt upon by Sir John, as exemplifying the vanity of human wishes.

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ONE of the most celebrated sovereigns of ancient Spain, towards the close of a very long reign, the magnificence of which has seldom been equalled, said, "I have kept an accurate record of all the happy days I have spent during my reign of sixty years, and I find the record of only ONE."

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#### EXPERIENCE OF WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who had great honours conferred on him, on account of his near relation to the queen's great favourite, Robert, Earl of Essex, was very intimate with the Duke of Tuscany, and with James, then king of Scotland, (and afterwards of England), and had been sent on several embassies to Holland, Germany, and Venice; after all, he desired to retire with this motto, "That he had learned at length that the soul grew wiser by retirement;" and, consequently, that a man was more happy in a private situation, than it was possible for him to be with those worldly honours which were accompanied with so many troubles. In short, the utmost of his aim, in this life, for the future, was to be Provost of Eton, that there he might enjoy his beloved study and devotion.

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The HORSE, from scorn provoked to ire,  
Flung backward ; rolling in the mire,  
The Puppy howled, and bleeding lay ;  
The pad in peace pursued his way.

A SHEPHERD'S DOG, who saw the deed,  
Detesting the vexatious breed,  
Bespoke him thus : " When coxcombs prate,  
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate ;  
Thy teasing tongue, had judgment tied,  
Thou hadst not like a Puppy, died."

MORAL.

Too late the forward youth will find,  
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind ;  
Or, if they canker in the breast,  
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

DR. JOHNSON'S JESTS.

OMAI, the native of Tahiti, who attracted so much notice in England, learned to play at chess while in London, and became a considerable proficient in the game, in which he once defeated M. Baretti ; a circumstance only to be noticed on account of its having been the cause of breaking off an acquaintance between that gentleman and Dr. Johnson, which had existed upwards of thirty years. The Doctor once rallied M. Baretti on the subject, and sometimes said, " I have known you for thirty years, and I never knew you so weak as to play at chess," says M. Baretti, " and I have known you for thirty years, and I never knew you so weak as to play at chess." M. Baretti put a stop to it, and in a most much he had

offended his friend, he invited him to his house, but he was not then in London. When M. Baretto returned to the city, the Doctor was dead.

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#### A POET'S CRIME AND A POPE'S RHYME.

A POET called Madera having calumniated a noble Roman lady called Fontana, was called to account for his impropriety by the Pope, Sixtus V. He declared he had no reason for slander, but that P—a rhymed to Fontana. The witty Pontiff, in the same humour, condemned him to the galleys, merely, said he, because Gallera is a good rhyme to Madera.

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#### A WOMAN'S PROMISE.

HENRY CAREY, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favour for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of, when he is thinking of nothing?"

"Upon a woman's promise," said Carey.

"Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth.

She retired, but did not forget Carey's answer. Some time after he solicited the honour of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. "True," replied she, "but that was a woman's promise."

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#### AN EXPENSIVE JOKE.

CHARLES COTTON, the author of *Virgil Travestie*, inserted a joke in that poem which cost him dearly. His wit could not spare the sacred character of his grandmother's ruff, which he ridiculed in a couplet. A stroke of the old lady's pen, however, revenged her own wrongs, and those of the Bard of Mantua, at once; for she struck Cotton out of an estate of £400 a year, which she had bequeathed him in her will.

#### A BERLIN JOKE.

A **COSTLY** joke was perpetrated in one of the Berlin coffee-houses recently. A young man was playing billiards. One of his companions, with an understanding with some of the bystanders, stealthily drew a pocket-book, containing four hundred thalers, in paper money, from his pocket. When the game was finished, and the player wished to pay his share of the expense, the pocket-book was gone. For some time the company amused themselves with the perplexity of the young man; at length his friend concluded to return the book, and relieve the poor fellow's feelings. But now it was his turn to be frightened, and endure the same pain which he had just inflicted upon his companion; for a real thief had relieved him of the pocket-book, and that, too, without the joke, and had taken off his booty. The joker was obliged to replace the money.







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**SECRET**

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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11/14/2014

If you repine at partial fate,  
Instruct me what could mend your state.  
Mankind in every station see :  
What wish you? Tell me what you'd be."  
So said, upborne upon a cloud,  
The clown surveyed the anxious crowd.

"Yon face of care," says Jove, "behold!  
His bulky bags are filled with gold.  
See, with what joy he counts it o'er!  
That sum to-day hath swelled his store."  
"Were I that man," the PEASANT cried,  
"What blessing could I ask beside?"

"Hold!" says the god: "first, learn to know  
True happiness from outward show.  
This optic glass of intuition—  
Here, take it, view his true condition."

He looked, and saw the miser's breast,  
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest;  
Want ever stares him in the face,  
And fear anticipates disgrace:  
With conscious guilt he saw him start;  
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;  
And never, or in thought or dream,  
His breast admits one happy gleam.

"May Jove," he cries, "reject my prayer,  
And guard my life from guilt and care!"

My soul abhors that wretch's fate,  
Oh! keep me in my humble state!  
But, see, amidst a gaudy crowd,  
I'm minister, so gay and proud:  
On him what happiness attends,  
Who thus rewards his grateful friends?"

"First take the glass," the god replies:  
"Man views the world with partial eyes."

"Good gods?" exclaims the startled wight;  
"Defend me from this hideous sight!  
Corruption, with corrosive smart,  
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:  
I see him, with polluted hand,  
Spread the contagion o'er the land.  
Now avarice, with insatiate jaws;  
Now rapine, with her harpy claws;  
His bosom tears. His conscious breast  
Groans, with the load of crimes oppressed.  
I see him, mad and drunk with power,  
Stand tottering on his high position's  
Sometimes, in spite of his  
His boasts insult  
Now, seized with  
He trembles

"Was

"Such

The change, O Jove, I disavow ;  
Still be my lot the spade and plough."

He next, confirmed by speculation,  
Rejects the lawyer's occupation :  
For he the statesman seemed, in part,  
And bore similitude of heart.  
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame  
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame ;  
The miseries of war he mourned ;  
Whole nations into deserts turned.  
"Such change," says he, "may I decline ;  
The scythe, and civil arms be mine !"  
Thus, weighing life in each condition,  
The clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the god : "How mortals err !  
If you true happiness prefer,  
'Tis to no rank of life confined,  
But dwells in every honest mind.  
Be justice, then, your sole pursuit ;  
Peace, virtue, and content's the fruit."

ORAL.

outward show,  
of bliss below.

TIMONY.

in for whom N  
ad added mo'

was, in his day, universally allowed to be the most elegant and accomplished man in Europe; and he was no less conspicuous in the political than in the fashionable world. No man ever possessed greater advantages for the attainment and the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, and no man ever drank deeper of the sweet but poisonous draught. Let us hear him at a time when disease and age hung heavy upon him, and rendered him incapable of further enjoyment. "I have seen," says he, "the busy rounds of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and, consequently, know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low: whereas, those that have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the *course galleys and fifty ropes* which exhibit and move the *giddy machines*, and I have *seen and smelt the tallow candles* which illuminated the whole decoration, to the astonishment of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry of bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I have no means desire to repeat the *murderous loss for the sake of the* . . . Shall I tell you that I bear this *monstrous* . . . *consciousness and resignation* . . . ? No; for I really cannot . . . I bear it, whether I will . . . time the best way I . . . It is my resolution . . . journey . . . ing to see . . . without . . .

## THE DUKE OF ATHOL.

THE estate of the Duke of Athol is immense, running in one direction more than seventy miles. On his estate there are **thirty-six miles** of private road for a carriage, and sixty miles of **walks**, which are extended every year. These roads and paths **being** made for pleasure, are laid through the most picturesque and romantic scenery; along the river's bank, up the glen, cut in the sides of mountains, over the tops, along precipitous cliffs—**now** in the forest's gloom—now opening on a boundless prospect—now on some sweet vale—now on a waterfall, and next along a murmuring brook. The father of the present duke **began** one of the most magnificent palaces in the kingdom. The walls alone, by the estimate, would have cost £100,000—**about** half a million of dollars. Luxury and refinement, wealth and the means of enjoyment almost unbounded, are in the reach of the possessor. Who would exchange places with him? **He has been** for more than *thirty years* an inmate of a lunatic asylum in London.

## DISEASE A RELIEF.

A LONDON tradesman, who had acquired a large fortune in London, retired from business, and went to reside in Worcester. **His** mind, without its usual occupation, and having nothing else to occupy its place, preyed upon itself, so that existence became a torment to him. At last he was seized with the stone; and in one of its severest attacks, having said, "No, no, sir," said he; "do not pity me, what I now feel is ease compared to what it relieves me."



FABLE L.

*The Wind, the Sun, and the Traveller.*

[From OROZALL.]

A DISPUTE once arose betwixt the NORTH-WIND and the SUN, about the superiority of their power; and they agreed to try their strength upon a TRAVELLER, which should be able to get his cloak off first.

The NORTH-WIND began, and blew a very cold blast, accompanied with a sharp, driving shower. But this, and whatever else he could do, instead of making the man quit his cloak, obliged him to gird it about his body as close as possible. Next came the SUN; who, breaking out from a thick, watery cloud, drove away the cold vapours from the sky, and darted his sultry beams upon the head of the poor weather-beaten TRAVELLER. The Traveller, being faint with the heat, and unable to resist, first throws off his

heavy cloak, and then flies, for protection, to the shade of a neighbouring grove.

#### MORAL.

Soft and gentle means will often accomplish what force and fury can never effect.

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#### A MAN OF WAR, OR A MAN OF PEACE; OR, THE MUTINY QUELLED.

A FEW years ago, a great excitement was caused by the discovery of vast deposits of guano upon the island of Ichaboe, situated on the west coast of Africa. The remarkable fertilizing qualities of guano gave it great value as an article of commerce, and a large number of vessels were despatched from various parts to take in cargoes at the island. It was computed that at one time not less than five hundred vessels were lying off Ichaboe, and as there was no settled authority to regulate the trade of the place, a scene of indescribable confusion and tumult soon presented itself. The crews of several of the ships having established themselves upon the table-land at the top of the island, (the island being little more than a huge rock, rising with almost perpendicular cliffs from the ocean), a dispute arose between them and their captains, which soon proceeded to open mutiny on the part of the men.

The only access to their position being by long ladders, the men set their masters at defiance, and held possession of their stronghold, which was inaccessible, except by permission of the mutineers. The captains despatched a vessel to the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of laying a complaint before the governor, and soliciting his aid. The governor was about to despatch a man of war—the only remedy that is generally thought of in such cases—when a devoted missionary at Cape Town, Rev. J. Mac Gregor Bertram, hearing of the affair, represented to the governor his earnest desire to spare the effusion of



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... He had been brought ...  
... before been com- ...  
... Several ...  
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... skill to subdue ...  
... :

He told his little child, who was then scarcely strong enough to walk, to go to the cell, knowing she would have no fear, and offer the insane man an apple. Day after day the child went to the cell, and calling the man by name, said, "Sir, take an apple, sir." The maniac turned away in a rage. She continued the practice, and in her mild, soft voice, again and again urged the distracted man to accept her little gift. He seemed inexorable. Still she entreated. His eye could not be caught; for little can be accomplished with any man until the eye is secured.

One day the little child stood at the iron grating with the apple in her hand, saying, "Come Mr.—, now accept of my apple. Do take it from my hand." Her mild, soft, persuasive tones, at last touched a tender cord in that distracted soul. It vibrated to the gentle sound of the infant voice. Light broke in upon that darkened mind. Gradually as the flower yields to the beams of the rising sun, and throws open its petals to its refreshing influence, so did the soul of this maniac open to the sweet influences of this infant. He looked upon her; she on him; and reaching out his hand, quietly took the little token of affection and ate the apple in her presence. Gradually she subdued him.

The keeper, delighted with the experiment, at last took him out one day, letting the child lead him to one of the offices in the city, and he was introduced as Mr. —. Said the man, "Is he any relation to that Mr. —, whom you have confined as a maniac?" "O, yes," says the keeper, "he is a very near relation;" delighted with the innocent deception he was practising; "he is very nearly related; he is the man himself!" Had it thundered at the moment, they would not have been more surprised, and they were, about rushing into the street. The keeper assured them that there was not the least danger. After a short conversation, the restored man, with the keeper and the child, returned back to the prison.

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## DEACON HUNT AND HIS OXEN.

DEACON HUNT was naturally a high-tempered man, and used to beat his oxen over their heads, as all his neighbours did. It was observed that when he became a Christian his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

## MOB QUELLED BY PRAYER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*, relates the following interesting circumstances, as received from the late sheriff of that county, Mr. Forsyth.

Some time in the course of the past year, he, (Mr. Forsyth,) was called upon to exercise his authority for the suppression of a large disorderly meeting, somewhere in the suburbs of the city.

At the time of his arrival on the ground, there was every manifestation of an immediate and violent outbreak, and while he was deliberating about his duty in the premises, he was approached by the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, who acted so conspicuous a part in the late trials in our court, with a request that he would let him try the efficacy of prayer on the excited passions of the throng.

The sheriff replied that he doubted much the success of such an expedient, but that he was willing to make the experiment. Mr. Kirkland immediately assumed a station, a little elevated above the multitude, and poured forth, apparently from the fullness of Christian spirit, a prayer most appropriate to the occasion. Immediately after he commenced, those around him became calm, some of them very reverently took off their hats, and when at the conclusion, he raised his hand, and

most solemn manner pronounced the benediction with which congregations are usually dismissed, the mob dispersed as quietly as a congregation retiring from church, leaving the sheriff no farther necessity for the exercise of his authority.

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“A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.”

THE horse of a pious man in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbour of the man who owned the horse, put him in the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, “If I ever catch him in the road hereafter, I’ll do just so again.”

“Neighbour,” replied the other, “not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my mowing-ground, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard : *I’ll do it again !*” Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.





FABLE LI.

**The Man and his Coat.**

[FROM THE POLISH OF KRASOŃSKI.]

A MAN beat his COAT  
Now and then with a cane ;  
And, astonished, one morning,  
He heard it complain :

“ Ungratefully treated !  
My fortune is hard !  
To beat me, dear master !  
Is this my reward ? ”

“ I beat you ! ” he answered,  
“ The charge is unjust :  
I but gently endeavour  
To take out the dust.

The means I make use of  
To you may seem hard,  
But it does not diminish  
For you my regard ;

My boy, whom I dote on  
More fondly than you,  
I beat *him* now and then,  
For the same reason too.

The faults that in childhood,  
'Tis right to repress,  
Are like dust, or slight stains,  
On a beautiful dress :

A little exertion  
Will soon work a cure,  
And will make both more lovely,  
More worthy, more pure."

Though this Fable is good,  
Yet I never will blush  
To say, *I* prefer dusting  
*My* COAT with a brush.

To most of my readers,  
I need not explain,  
*Advice* is the brush  
I prefer to the cane.

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## KINDNESS THE BEST PUNISHMENT.

A QUAKER, of most exemplary character, was disturbed one night by footsteps around his dwelling : and he arose from his bed and cautiously opened a back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man, busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork barrels from another within the cellar. The old man approached and the man outside fled. He stepped up to the cellar window and received the piece of pork from the thief within, who, after a little while, asked his supposed accomplice, in a whisper, "Shall we take it all?" The owner of the meat said softly,

"Yes, take it all;" and the thief industriously handed up the balance through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine his consternation, when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he was confronted by the Quaker. Both were astonished, for the thief proved to be a near neighbour, of whom none would have suspected such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged him not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully never to steal again.

"If thou hadst asked me for meat," said the old man, "it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, and esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven."

The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the old man said, "Take the pork, neighbour.

"No, no," said the thief, "I don't want the pork."

"Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal. One-half of the pork thou must take with thee."

The thief insisted that he could never eat a morsel of it. The thoughts of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the old man was incorrigible, and, furnishing the thief with a bag, had half the pork put therein, and, laying it on his back, sent him home with it. He met his neighbour for many years afterwards, and their families visited together, but the matter was kept a secret; and though times the circumstance was mentioned, the

name of the delinquent was never made known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It was probably his first—it was certainly his *last* attempt to steal.

Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice, and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result. His family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined, and his spirits broken down. Revenge, not penitence, would have swayed his heart, the scorn of the world have blackened his future, and in all probability he would have entered upon a course of crime at which, when the first offence was committed, his soul would have shuddered. And what would the owner of the pork have gained? Absolutely nothing. Kindness was the best punishment, for it saved while it punished.

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#### THE SCOTCH FISHERMEN.

THE following story from the Montrose (Scotland) *Standard* is unusually pleasing :

"On Wednesday afternoon, two fishermen, came to high words about one of them having cut the other's line, and both might have been seen walking along the rocks, gesticulating violently, and talking loudly in a manner not fit to be repeated in 'ears polite.' In the heat of the argument, and to make his words more strong, one of them, who wore a red nightcap, and who seemed by far the more violent of the two, gave the other a blow on the face, which quickly caused an ensanguined stream to flow down his breast. Calmly wiping his woollen shirt and bloody face, the injured man looked at his companion, and said, more in sorrow than in anger, 'Man, ye'll be sorra for fat ye've dune the noo.' Our pugilistic hero, however, did not seem to regret what he had done, but aimed another and more furious blow at his friend, who nimbly stepped aside, and the *bonnet rouge* fell plump up to the chin in water, in a hole among the rocks. This unexpected plunge-bath had the effect of cooling considerably the fury of his anger, and led him



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I have been thinking about you very much lately, and I hope you are well. I am still working hard, but I find it very tiring. I wish I could see you more often. I will write again soon.

... .. with a number of the  
... ..

"I wish to make thee my friend," said he, "and I will do all in my power to keep thee from ever finding out their secret."

"...and they wouldn't take such  
...to get them."

Still she would not take the pears, and I became more eloquent.

"Rebecca," said I, "thou must go and get a basket for these pears, or I shall leave them on the carpet. I am sure thou must like them, or thou wouldst not climb such a high and dangerous fence to get them. Those pickets are very sharp, Rebecca; and if thy feet should slip as thou art walking on the fence—and I am much afraid they will—thou wouldst get a hurt a great deal more than the pears are worth. Thou art welcome to the fruit, but I hope I shall not see thee expose thyself so foolishly again. But, perhaps thou hast taken the pears so long, that they seem to belong to thee as much as they do to me. So I do not wish to blame thee any more than thy conscience does. But pray look out for those pickets. They are dangerous. I would have them removed, but I am afraid the landlord would not like it. Thou art welcome to the pears, though, and I will bring a basketful every day."

The little girl did not steal any more pears; and I may venture to say that she was sufficiently rebuked before the end of the pear season, for I remembered my promise, and carried her a basketful of the pears every morning.



FABLE LI.

The Shepherd's Dog and Wolf.

[From GAY.]

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,  
Ravaged the plains, and thinned the fold ;  
Deep in the wood secure he lay,  
The thefts of night regaled the day.  
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care  
Had spread the toils, and watched the snare ;  
In vain the Dog pursued his pace,  
The fleetest robber mocked the chase.

As Lightfoot ranged the forest round,  
By chance his foe's retreat he found :  
" Let us awhile the war suspend,  
And reason as from friend to friend."  
" A truce !" replies the WOLF. 'Tis done.  
The Dog the parley thus begun :—

“How can that strong, intrepid mind,  
 Attack a weak, defenceless kind?  
 Those jaws should prey on nobler food,  
 And drink the boar’s and lion’s blood;  
 Great souls with generous pity melt,  
 Which coward tyrants never felt.  
 How harmless is our fleecy care!  
 Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.”

“Friend,” says the WOLF, “the matter weigh;  
 Nature designed us beasts of prey;  
 As such, when hunger finds a treat,  
 ’Tis necessary Wolves should eat.  
 If, mindful of the bleating weal,  
 Thy bosom burn with real zeal,  
 Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;  
 To him repeat the moving speech.  
 A Wolf eats sheep but now and then;  
 Ten thousands are devoured by men.”

## MORAL.

An open foe may prove a curse,  
 But a pretended friend is worse.

## A FALSE FRIEND AND HIS REWARD.

THE Duke of Buckingham having, by an unfortunate accident, lost the army which he had raised against the usurper, Richard III., was forced to flee for his life without page or attendant; at last he took refuge in the house of Humphrey Bannister, at Shrewsbury, who, being one of his servan

having been formerly raised by him from a low condition, would, he trusted, be ready to afford him every possible protection. Bannister, however, upon the king's proclamation, promising £1,000 reward to him that should apprehend the duke, betrayed his master to John Morton, high sheriff of Shropshire, who sent him under a strong guard to Salisbury, where the king then was, by whom he was condemned to be beheaded. But Divine vengeance pursued the traitor and his family; for, on demanding the £1,000 that was the price of his master's blood, King Richard refused to pay it, saying, "He that would be false to so good a master, ought not to be encouraged." He was afterwards hanged for manslaughter; his eldest son soon fell into a state of derangement, and died in a hogsty; his second became deformed and lame; his third son was drowned in a small pool of water; and the rest of his family perished miserably.



FABLE LIII.

### The Sheep-Biter and the Shepherd.

[FROM CROXALL.]

A CERTAIN SHEPHERD had a Dog, upon whose fidelity he relied very much : for, whenever he had an occasion to be absent himself, he committed the care of the flock to the charge of his Dog ; and, to encourage him to do his duty cheerfully, he fed him constantly with sweet curds and whey, and sometimes threw him a crust or two extraordinary ; yet, notwithstanding this, no sooner was his back turned, but the treacherous cur fell foul upon the flock, and devoured the SHEEP, instead of guarding and defending them. The SHEPHERD, being informed of this, was resolved to hang him.

The Dog, when the rope was about his neck, and he was just going to be tied up, began to expostulate with his master,—asking him, why he was so unmercifull.

bent against him, who was his own servant and creature, and had only committed one or two crimes ; and why he did not rather execute revenge upon the Wolf, who was a constant and declared enemy. "Nay," replies the SHEPHERD, "it is for that very reason that I think you ten times more worthy of death than he :—from him, I expected nothing but hostilities ; and, therefore, could guard against him : you, I depended upon as a just and faithful servant, and fed and encouraged you accordingly ; and, therefore, your treachery is the more notorious, and your ingratitude the more unpardonable."

#### MORAL.

A known enemy is better than a treacherous friend.

#### TREACHERY OF TARPEIA.

TARPEIA, the daughter of Tarpeius, the keeper of the Roman capitol, agreed to betray it into the hands of the Sabines, on this condition, "that she should have for her reward that which they carried upon their left arms," meaning the golden bracelets they wore upon them. The Sabines, having been let in by Tarpeia, according to compact, Titius, their king, though well pleased with carrying the place, yet detesting the manner in which it was done, commanded the Sabines to give the fair traitor her promised reward, by throwing to her all they wore on their left arms ; and therewith, unclasping his bracelet from his left arm, he cast it, together with his shield, upon her. The Sabines, following the example of their chief, the unhappy woman miserably perished under the crushing weight of the shield upon her as a reward for her treachery.

## THE TRAITOROUS FAVOURITE.

A FAVOURITE of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, had risen to so high a degree of honour, that he used to say that he had but two discontents in this life—the first was, that he could grow no greater, so great was he already become; and the second was, that the king, with all his eminence, seemed to him too poor to add any sensible increase to his. Not many days after this, the arrogant officer was detected by Ptolemy in a treacherous intrigue, condemned to be hung before his own door, and his estate confiscated.

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## A TRAITOR'S REWARD.

WHEN Graveston, who betrayed the Spaniards at Bergen op Zoom, to Queen Elizabeth, came to England to give her majesty an account of his services, she gave him a thousand crowns, and said to him, "Get you home, that I may know where to send when I want a thorough-paced villain."





FABLE LIV.

*The Frogs who desired a King.*

[FROM CROXALL.]

THE commonwealth of FROGS, a discontented, variable race, weary of liberty, and fond of change, petitioned JUPITER to grant them a king.

The good-natured deity, in order to indulge their request with as little mischief to the petitioners as possible, threw them down a log. At first, they regarded their new monarch with great reverence, and kept from him at a most respectful distance; but perceiving his tame and peaceable disposition, they, by degrees, ventured to approach him with more familiarity, till, at length, they conceived for him the utmost contempt. In this disposition they renewed their request to JUPITER, and entreated him to bestow upon them another king. The Thunderer, in his wrath, e-

Crane; who no sooner took posses-

sion of his new dominions, than he began to devour his subjects, one after another, in a most capricious and tyrannical manner.

They were now far more dissatisfied than before; when, applying to JUPITER a third time, they were dismissed with this reproof: that the evil they complained of they had imprudently brought upon themselves; and that they had no other remedy now but to submit to it with patience.

MORAL.

Be content; or you may change from bad to worse.

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BARE FEET AND NO FEET.

"I NEVER complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and I became contented."



## FABLE IV

### THE FOX IN THE SWALLOW

[From COMEDY.]

A Fox swimming across a river, happened to be entangled in some weeds, that grew near the bank, from which he was unable to extricate himself. As he lay thus exposed to whole swarms of flies, who were galling him, and sucking his blood, a SWALLOW observing his distress, kindly offered to drive them away. "By no means," said the Fox; "for, if these should be chased away, who are already sufficiently gorged, another more hungry swarm would succeed; and I should be robbed of every remaining drop of  
in my veins."

#### MORAL.

Better submit to a little ill,  
Than run the risk of a greater still.

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#### VED FROM DEATH BY RAIN.

was one day returning from market. He was  
and behind him was a valise filled with money.

The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to his skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, with levelled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently as sent by Providence. If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property." It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater, and of longer duration.



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X Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,  
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe?" the CUB replies;  
"Our senate always held me wise."

"How weak is pride!" returns the sire;  
X "All fools are vain, when fools admire!  
X But know, what stupid Asses prize,  
LIONS and noblest beasts despise."

## MORAL.

How fond are those of rule and place,  
Who court it from the mean and base!  
They cannot bear an equal nigh,  
But from superior merit fly.

## CAREW, THE KING OF THE BEGGARS.

A SINGULAR instance of the self-degradation of one who was fitted by his connections, wealth, and abilities to hold an enviable place in society, and yet who sacrificed these to a mean and low ambition, and to the indulgence of coarse and vulgar tastes and preferences, is afforded in the history of the individual named at the head of the page.

William de Moira Carew, one of the most extraordinary characters of the age, descended from an ancient and noble family in the west of England. He was born in Devonshire, of which place his father, who was for many years the rector. Never did the appearance of persons of the country, than were

as his. Hugh Bampfylde, Esq., and Major Moore, families equally ancient and respectable as that of Carew, were his god-fathers, and from them he received his two Christian names.

At twelve years of age, Bampfylde was sent to Tiverton school, where he became acquainted with the children of many of the first families of Devonshire. He made good progress in his studies, and had advanced considerably in the Latin and Greek languages. The Tiverton scholars, however, having at this time the command of a fine pack of hounds, Carew and three of his intimate associates, became so ardently attached to this sport, that their studies were neglected. One day the pupils, with Carew and his three fellows at their head, were engaged in the chase of a deer for many miles, just before the commencement of harvest. The damage done was considerable, and as the farmers and gentlemen threatened to complain to the master of the school, Carew and his three friends absconded, and joined a company of eighteen gipsies, then in the neighbourhood.

Young Carew was soon initiated into the arts of the wandering tribe, and became such a proficient, that he soon defrauded a lady of twenty guineas, under a pretence of revealing a hidden treasure.

His parents meanwhile lamented him as one that was no more; for though they repeatedly advertised his name and person, they could hear no tidings of him. At length, after a long search, he was released, and returned to them, to the surprise of his own and the neighbouring

people. He had contracted a fondness for the gipsies and had eloped, and rejoined his former companions in the profession with earnestness. He was now engaged for the purpose of extorting money from every character he was peculiarly suc-

cessful in which is rarely possessed in an eminent

degree—he could represent a very great variety of persons and characters; and his personifications were so perfect and natural, that he met with invariable success. Whether as a shipwrecked sailor—an old grandame of seventy years, with three or four grandchildren in care—as a persecuted clergyman, or as a veteran and crippled soldier—as a shipwrecked and unfortunate Quaker or a country squire—in any and all his characters he was unrivalled. He once went, three times on the same day to the same gentleman, under different disguises, and succeeded in obtaining donations each time.

On one occasion, pretending to be the mate of a vessel, he won the heart of a young lady, the daughter of an eminent apothecary of Newcastle. He eloped with her, and though he told her his true character, she concluded to marry him.

Assuming the dress of a minister, he passed himself off for a persecuted clergyman in Wales, and hearing that a vessel, bound for Philadelphia, on board of which were many Quakers, was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, he clothed himself as a Quaker, and met with great success among that body; hearing there was to be a meeting of them from all parts, at Thorncombe, in Devonshire, he attended the meeting, and satisfying them all by his behaviour and speech, that he was one of their body, they gave him a considerable sum.

He became so famous for his extraordinary representations of character, that he became known by name over the whole of England. On one occasion, as a rat-catcher seeking employment, he was invited into a room where a large company was assembled, some of whom knew him. A bet was made that he could not deceive them again, and he left. He was informed when the same company would again meet, and he then personified an old grandmother with three children, "whose other had been burned at a dreadful fire at Kirton." The deception was so complete, his tears were so sincere, and his so pitiful, that he drew a handsome sum from the party. At last, on going away, setting up a shout to the dogs, the many suspected who the old woman was, and on fir—"—



THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1915, P. 1.

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FABLE LVII.

*The Cur and Mastiff.*

[FROM GAY.]

A SNEAKING CUR, the master's spy,  
Rewarded for his daily lie,  
With secret jealousies and fears,  
Set all together by the ears.  
Poor puss to-day, was in disgrace,  
Another cat supplied her place;  
The hound was beat, the MASTIFF chid,  
The monkey was the room forbid;  
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,  
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid :  
The thief, with love, seduced the maid ;  
Cajoled the CUR, and stroked his head,  
And bought his secrecy with bread.  
He, next, the MASTIFF's honour tried,  
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied.  
He stretched his hand to proffer more,  
The surly dog his fingers tore.

With all the time, with indignation,  
The Master to a his indignation :  
"Hark! and the Master's word," he cries;  
And with his neck the Master dies.

The Day is humble and protracted,  
And judged in justice to be heard.  
The Master sat: in either hand  
The word was confronting stand;  
The Court, the bloody tale relates,  
And like a lawyer aggravates.

"Judge not unheard," the Master cried,  
"But weigh the cause of either side:  
Think not, that treachery can be just;  
Take not informers' words on trust;  
They open their hands to every pay,  
And you and me, by turns, betray."

His tale he told; the truth appeared;  
The Court was hanged, the Master cleared.

#### MORAL.

They are sure to be detected.

#### AND THE LYING HUSBAND.

ral curiosity, and his love for the  
re in seeing dissections and chirur-  
eter who first made these known in  
d of them, that he gave orders to be

informed whenever anything of the kind was going on in the hospitals, and he seldom failed to be present. He frequently lent his assistance, and had acquired sufficient skill to dissect according to the rules of art, to bleed, draw teeth, and perform other operations, as well as one of the faculty. It was an employment to which he was very partial; and besides his case of mathematical instruments, which he always carried with him, he had a pouch well stocked with surgical instruments.

The Czar once exercised his dexterity as a dentist on the wife of one of his valets-de-chambre, who wished to be revenged upon her for some supposed injuries. Perceiving the husband, whose name was Balboiarof, sitting in the ante-chamber with a sad countenance, the Czar inquired the cause of his sorrow. "Nothing, sire," answered the valet, "except that my wife refused to have a tooth drawn which gives her the most agonizing pain."

"Let me speak to her," said the Czar, "and I warrant I cure her."

He was immediately conducted by the husband to the apartments of the supposed sick wife, and made her sit down that he might examine her mouth, although she protested she had not the toothache.

"Ah, this is the mischief," said her husband; "she always pretends not to suffer when we wish to give her ease, and renews her lamentations as soon as the physician is gone."

"Well, well," said the Czar, "she shall not suffer long. Do you hold her head and arms."

Then, taking out the instrument, he, in spite of her cries, extracted the tooth which he supposed to be the cause of complaint, with admirable address.

Hearing, a few days after, that this was a trick of the husband, Peter chastised him severely with his

## EXTRAORDINARY RESULT OF A CRIMINAL TRIAL.

SOME of the most singular and astounding developments that ever transpired in a court of justice, were made before the Court of Over and Terminer, which sat at Ballston Spa, in the State of New York, in December, 1849. The circumstances were as follows :

John Talmage had been indicted for the murder of Wm. L. Dodge, an engineer, who was killed by the cars running off the track near that place. The catastrophe was produced by stones placed, (as was charged,) by the accused, on the inside of the rails. Talmage is an intelligent and wealthy farmer, and up to the time of his arrest, had maintained a character and standing that placed him beyond the reach of calumny. Yet he was a high-spirited and passionate defender of his alleged rights ; and as the railroad passed through his farm, he had been subjected to the loss of several cattle, in consequence of which much litigation and bitter animosity had ensued between the parties. Talmage had been heard to say "he hoped to God the cars would run off," and this, together with the circumstance referred to, had concentrated public suspicion on him, and he was indicted.

At length, two witnesses (Irishmen) were found, who professed to have seen Talmage place two stones on the track. The story was simple and plausible, and there seemed on the part of the accused no possible escape from the gallows. The man had been honoured by the people with public trusts, and represented them in the State Legislature, was soon, in the constant belief of all, to swing on the scaffold, and expiate his cold, cold-blooded murder.

On the day of trial arrived. Thousands of people from all over the country crowded the scene, eager to witness the trial, and listening with tearful eyes to every word that fell from the prisoner's lips. The most able lawyers in the State were employed on both sides. Talmage, with his innocence, with pale countenance

and an eye of wild agony, sat restless and trembling in his box. The two principal witnesses took the stand. They were calm, and apparently honest in the plausible story which they told, and from the effect of which it seemed impossible for the accused to escape. His wife, who sat by his side, and who, up to this moment, had preserved an unexampled composure, now burst into a flood of tears, which streamed down her beautiful face, and by her heart-broken sobs interrupted the proceedings of the trial, and the friends of Talmage began to abandon all hope, and to prepare their minds for the awful sentence, and the still more appalling scene which was soon to follow it.

At this point, a sudden movement of the crowd took place towards the court-room. "Make way! make way!" resounded through the spacious hall. Two men entered, pressed their way up to the prisoner's counsel, and whispered, agitated and almost breathless, in their ears. A fellow Irishman, who had long known that the story of these two witnesses was a sheer fabrication, got up to obtain the reward offered for the detection of the man who placed the stones on the track, had been moved by conscience to disclose it, and 'conduct another person to the proof, positive and undeniable, that when the fatal catastrophe occurred, those witnesses were not in this country, but in Ireland, or on their way here! This proof was now presented to the prisoner's counsel. The witnesses were placed upon the stand. Their guilt was full and positive. The attorney for the people at once moved to withdraw the prosecution, and to arrest the two false witnesses on the spot, which was granted; and such a shout as rang through the multitude present, never before thundered from the windows of a court-house. Talmage was borne off on the shoulders of the people, and the booming of a six pounder, as expressive of their exultation, closed up  
f the most novel and exciting scenes that ever transpired  
ny court or country.

## LOST CONFIDENCE.

AN Indian runner, arriving in a village of his countrymen, requesting the immediate attendance of its inhabitants in council, as he wanted their answer to important information. The people accordingly assembled; but when the messenger had with great anxiety delivered his message, and waited for an answer, none was given, and he soon observed that he was likely to be left alone in his place. A stranger present asked a principal chief the meaning of this strange proceeding, who gave this answer, "*He once told us a lie.*"

## THE PERSIAN BOY AND THE ROBBERS.

It is related of a Persian mother that, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and she said, "Go my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers.

One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said "*My father has sowed up in my garments.*"

Thinking he jested.

Another asked him the same question and received the same

answer. He called him and asked him the same question, and he answered, "I have told two of your people already that I have sowed up in my clothes." The robbers took his clothes to be ripped open, and found the

nothing," said the chief.

"I would not be false to my father, nor ever to tell a lie."

Art thou so mindful of thy duty to God, and am I insensible at my age of seventy? Give me thy hand, that I may swear

He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they immediately made restitution of their spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand.

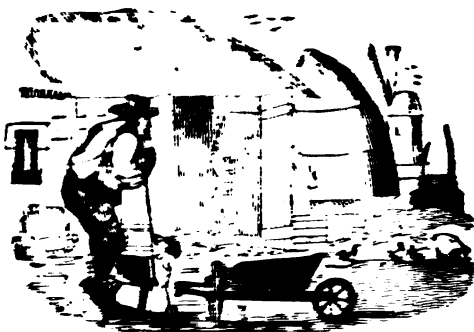
There is a moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The noble sentiment infused into the breast of a child is again transfused from breast to breast, and those who feel it know not whence it comes.

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#### HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

MUNGO PARK, in his travels through Africa, relates that a party of armed Moors having made a predatory attack on the flocks of a village at which he was stopping, a youth of the place was mortally wounded in the affray. The natives placed him on horseback, and conducted him home, while his mother proceeded the mournful group, proclaiming all the excellent qualities of her boy, and by her clasped hands and streaming eyes, discovered the bitterness of her soul. The quality for which she chiefly praised the boy, formed of itself an epitaph so noble, that even civilized life could not aspire to a higher. "*He never,*" said she with pathetic energy, "*never, never told a lie.*"





FABLE LVIII

# The Turkey-Feet and the Dung-Hill.

[FROM GAY.]

As cross his yard, at early day,  
A careful farmer took his way,  
He stopped, and leaning on his fork,  
Observed the flail's incessant work.  
In thought he measured all his store :  
His geese, his hogs, he numbered o'er ;  
In fancy weighed the fleeces shorn,  
And multiplied the next year's corn.

A D. Mow, which stood beside,  
Cursing master cried :

I sir, is it fit or right,  
With neglect and slight ?  
Contribute to your cheer,  
Or mirth with ale and beer !

Why thus insulted, thus disgraced,  
 And that vile DUNGHILL near me placed ?  
 Are those poor sweepings of a groom,  
 That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,  
 Meet objects here ? Command it hence :  
 A thing so mean must give offence."

The humble DUNGHILL thus replied :  
 "Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride.  
 Insult not thus the meek and low ;  
 In me thy benefactor know :  
 My warm assistance gave thee birth,  
 Or thou hadst perished low in earth :  
 But, upstarts, to support their station,  
 Cancel at once all obligation."

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#### PHILIP AND THE UNGRATEFUL SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER in the Macedonian army had in many instances distinguished himself by extraordinary feats of valour, and had received many marks of Philip's favour and approbation. On one occasion he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself cast on the shore helpless and naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress ; and, with humane and charitable tenderness, to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his id him in his own bed, revived, cherished, comforted, forty days supplied him freely with all the necessaries .. eniences which his languishing condition could require. lier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in most expressions of gratitude to his benefactor, as



negligently loaded his piece with ball cartridge; the ball had passed through the thigh of the man, and thus prevented his premature interment. The resuscitated man, who was soon cured of his wound, evinced his gratitude by commencing an action against the sergeant, to recover damages for the injury!

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#### INDIAN GRATITUDE.

At the time when the Indians were scattered along the borders of the settlements, in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, Conn., a poor, weary Indian arrived at a country inn, and asked for something to eat. The landlady refused, when a white man told her to give the Indian all he wanted, and he would pay the bill. The Indian promised he would some time pay him, and went his way.

Some years afterwards this man was taken captive by the Indians, and carried to Canada. After some time an Indian came to him, and told him to meet him at a certain spot at a certain time. The man, fearing a trick or some danger, neglected to go. The Indian again came, and asked him why he did not come, and kindly reproving him for his want of confidence, named another hour for meeting. The white man went, and found his Indian friend, who had a musket, a knapsack, and provisions ready. Pointing to them, he told the white man to take them and follow him. After several days' travel, the white man, wondering what would become of him, for the Indian said very little, suddenly came to the top of a hill. The Indian, stopping him, said, "Do you know that country?" The white man looked, and at last cried out—"Why, that is Litchfield!"

"Well," said the Indian, "long time ago you give poor hungry Indian supper there! Indian tell white man he never forget!" and bidding the delighted and long lost exile farewell, he turned and retired into the wilderness by the way they had come.

FABLE LIX

**THE TWO BEES.**

[FROM DONALD.]

On a fine morning in May, two BEES set forward in quest of honey; the one, wise and temperate; the other, careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were set before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification.

At length, they found a wide-mouthed vial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless Epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The Philosopher, on the other hand, dipped a little with caution, but being disappointed, flew off to fruits and flowers;

where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them.

In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament, with his latest breath, that though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

#### MORAL.

Moderation and intemperance reward and punish themselves.

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#### A HARD CASE.

An incident occurred in one of the respectable streets of Philadelphia few years since, which affords a painful example of the consequences of intemperance. A young man, whose father, at his death, left him a fortune of thirty thousand dollars, was seen to drive up to the residence of his family in a cab, so disgustingly intoxicated, so awful in appearance, as to strike every one with abhorrence. He was without coat or hat, and the rest of his scanty clothing was torn to pieces, and covered with dirt, while from the frightful gashes on his head, the blood streamed down over his face, a spectacle of horror! Such a spectacle! such an object! to present itself on the Sabbath-day at the house of a mother! And this was a wine-drinker, one who, probably, had always been a strenuous advocate for "an occasional glass," that occasional glass which is the source and origin of all the damning evils that bloated drunkenness accumu-



gathering strawberries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him at one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead. Whiskey has done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people—*Never, never, never* touch anything that can intoxicate!" As he pronounced these words, he sprang from the box, and was launched into eternity.

#### ADVANTAGE OF ABSTINENCE.

A BLACKSMITH in the city of Philadelphia was complaining to his iron merchant, that such was the scarcity of money that he could not pay his rent. The merchant then asked him how much rum he used in his family in the course of the day. Upon answering this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his drinking cost more money in a year than his house rent. The calculation so astonished the mechanic, that he determined from that day to buy and drink no spirits of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year, he paid his rent, and bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in it through the rest of his life, and attained a position of competence and respectability.





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And scare had passed a single pole,  
When Puss had almost reached the goal.

“ Friend TORTOISE,” quoth the jeering HARE,  
“ Your burthen’s more than you can bear ;  
To help your speed, it were as well  
That I should ease you of your shell.  
Step on a little faster, praythee ;  
I’ll take a nap, and then be with thee.”  
The TORTOISE heard his taunting jeer,  
But still resolved to persevere ;  
On to the goal securely crept,  
While Puss, unknowing, soundly slept.  
The bets were won, the HARE awoke,  
When thus the victor TORTOISE spoke :  
“ Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,  
Things are not always done by starts ;  
You may deride my awkward pace,  
But slow and steady win the race.”

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#### THE MAN WITH THE WHEELBARROW.

DURING the great overland emigration to California in the spring of 1850, the newspapers gave accounts of the progress of a man who set out on the long journey across the plains, trundling a wheelbarrow. Time and again he was heard of, still going ahead and in fine spirits, but at last all record of him ceased. A subsequent occurrence brought him again to light. The history of his adventures is given in the following letter to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, dated, San Francisco, October 15, 1851 :



A detailed list of the amount and variety of goods and wares, useless and superfluous, with all the appendages of refined and fashionable life that were distributed along the wide waste and mountain ranges, would astonish the reader.

Our hero was not in a hurry. He reasoned thus: "The world was not made in a day; the race is not to the swift." He trundled along his barrow, the object of wonder, and subject of much sportive remark by those who were hurrying along with their fresh and spirited teams, (on their first days.) Many weeks had not passed before our independent traveller had tangible evidence that trouble had fallen to the lot of some who had preceded him. A stray ox was feeding on his track, the mate of which he afterwards learned was killed, and this one turned adrift as useless. He coaxed him to be the companion of his travels, taking care to stop where he could provide himself with the needful sustenance. He had not far to travel before he found a mate for his ox, and, ere long, a wagon, which had given way in some of its parts, had been abandoned by its owner, and left in the road. Our travelling genius was aroused to turn these mishaps to his own advantage; and he went leisurely to work to patch and bolster up the wagon, bound his faithful oxen to it, and changed his employment of trundling the wheelbarrow to driving a team. Onward moved the new establishment, gathering as he went from the superabundance of those who had gone before, such as flour, provisions of every kind, books, implements, even rich carpets, etc., which had been cast off as burdensome by other travellers. He would occasionally find a poor worn-out animal that had been left behind; and as it was not important to him to speed his course, he gathered them, stopping where there was abundance of grass, time enough for his cattle to gain a little strength and spirit. Time rolled on, and his wagon rolled with him, till he reached the end of his journey, when it was discovered that he had an uncommon fine team and a good wagon, which produced him on sale *twenty-five hundred dollars*. Being now relieved of the care of his team, and in the midst of the gold region.

used in prospecting by a Londoner: and while all around him were concentrating their strength to consummate the work of years in a few months, he laboriously commenced building, measuring, and as fast as he could, furnishing, a comfortable home. His wood was gathered, sawed, and regularly piled in a compact line, and perpendicular by the foot—convenient, as thought he, as any was within to provide his needs. He asked upon the stage, "Never start till you are ready." Now our hero was ready to commence working his "claim," which he did, as he did everything else, systematically and steadily. He may not be seen at his work, with the prospect of he lives to be an all rounder of being rich: for in the two years he has accumulated ten thousand dollars.

The following announcement appeared not long after the above was published:

Many readers will remember the account of a California emigrant, who crossed "on foot and alone," with a wheelbarrow, conveying all his earthly goods—that is, his provisions, clothes, tools, etc. in that humble vehicle, and outstripping in his march numbers who started for the land of gold with more showy and expensive appointments. His name is Brookmire, and he is an Irishman by birth. His residence is Warren, Pa., where he left a wife and family of children in indigent circumstances, when he went over the Rocky Mountains to "try his fortune." Brookmire has lately returned from California with about fifteen thousand dollars of the "dust," all of which he dug and washed out with his own hands. And, as it is very apt to prove when a wife survives legacies during his absence to the ten thousand dollars, falling to her upon the death of him in Scotland.



FABLE LXI.

**The Cookmaid, the Turnspit and the Cur.**

[From GAY.]

- WITH all the fury of a cook  
Her cooler kitchen NAN forsook ;  
• The broomstick o'er her head she waves ;  
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves.  
“ The dinner must be dished at one ;  
Where's this vexatious TURNSPIT gone ?  
Unless the skulking Cur is caught,  
The surloin's spoiled, and I'm in fault.”  
The sneaking Cur before her flies :  
• She whistles, calls, fair speech she tries ;  
“ These nought avail ;—her choler burns ;  
The fist and cudgel threat by turns ;  
With hasty stride she presses near ;  
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

Urged by the stimulating goad,  
 I drag the cumbersome waggon's load :  
 'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,  
 Break the stiff soil, and house the grain ;  
 Yet I, without a murmur, bear  
 The various labours of the year.  
 But then, consider, that, one day,  
 (Perhaps the hour's not far away)  
 You, by the duties of your post,  
 Shall turn the spit, when I'm the roast ;  
 And, for reward, shall share the feast :—  
 I mean, shall pick my bones, at least."

"Till now," the astonished Our replies,  
 "I looked on all with envious eyes.  
 How false we judge by what appears !  
 All creatures feel their several cares.  
 If thus yon mighty beast complains,  
 Perhaps man knows superior pains."

## MORAL.

'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,  
 That make us wretched :—God is just.

## TRUST IN GOD.

THERE were two neighbours who had each a wife and several little children, and their wages as common labourers were their only daily support. One of these men was fretful and disquieted, saying :

"If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my family ?"



1. The first of these is the fact that the  
2. United States has a large and growing  
3. population of Negroes who are in a  
4. position of economic and social  
5. inferiority to the white population.

6. This inferiority is the result of  
7. centuries of slavery and discrimination  
8. against the Negro race.

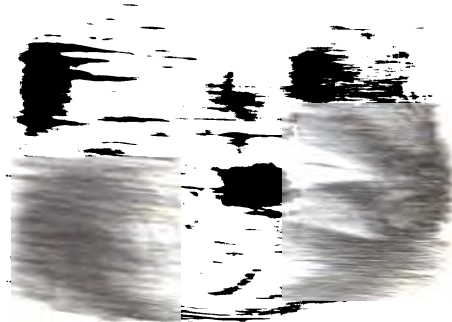
9. The second of these is the fact that  
10. the Negro population is concentrated  
11. in the South and in the urban areas  
12. of the country. This concentration  
13. has led to a high degree of  
14. social and economic isolation  
15. for the Negro population. The  
16. result of this isolation is a  
17. feeling of resentment and  
18. hostility towards the white  
19. population. This feeling is the  
20. basis for the civil rights  
21. movement which is now taking  
22. place in the United States.

23. The third of these is the fact that  
24. the Negro population is a large  
25. and growing part of the United  
26. States population. This fact  
27. makes it impossible for the  
28. United States to ignore the  
29. problems of the Negro population.  
30. The United States must take  
31. steps to improve the economic  
32. and social position of the  
33. Negro population if it is to  
34. maintain its position as a  
35. free and democratic country.

In the evening the father who had distrusted Providence, related to the other father what he had seen, who observed :

“ Why fret thus ? God never abandoned his children ; his love has some secrets which we do not know. Let us believe, hope, love, labour and pursue our course in peace ; if I die before you, you shall be a father to my children ; and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours ; if we both die before they are of an age to provide for themselves, they will have Him for a parent, ‘ Our Father who is in Heaven.’ ”



[illegible]

“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,  
“As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song ;  
For ’twas the self-same power divine,  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;  
That you with music,—I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night.”  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And, warbling out his approbation,  
Releas’d him, as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

## MORAL.

From this short fable, youth may learn  
Their real interest to discern :  
That brother should not strive with brother,  
And worry and oppress each other ;  
But, joined in unity and peace,  
Their mutual happiness increase :  
Pleas’d when each other’s faults they hide,  
And in their virtues feel a pride.

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A TOUCHING SCENE.

A FRENCH paper gives the following touching narrative:—  
Lucille Romee, a pretty little girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clothed, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under a charge of vagrancy. “Does any one claim you,” said the magistrate. “Ah, my good sir,” she replied, “I have no longer any friends: my father and mother are dead. I have only my brother James, but he is as y

"What can you do for me?" "The court  
 must send you to the house of correction." "Here I am, sister.  
 Here I am, do not fear," cried a childish voice from the other  
 end of the court, and at the same instant, a little boy, with a  
 brightly countenance, started forth from the midst of the crowd,  
 and stood before the magistrate. "Who are you?" said he.  
 "James Romee, the brother of this poor little girl." "Your  
 age?" "Thirteen." "And what do you want?" "I come to  
 claim Lucille." "But have you then the means of providing  
 for her?" "Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be  
 afraid, Lucille." "Oh, how good you are, James!" Magis-  
 trate to James—"But let us see, my boy, the court is disposed  
 to admit it, and for your sister. However you must give us  
 some explanation." James—"Just a fortnight ago my mother  
 died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were  
 in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an  
 artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister.  
 I went an apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to  
 carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my  
 room, and she slept in my bed, while I slept on the floor,  
 wrapped up in my blouse. But it appeared the little thing had  
 not enough to eat, for one day she unfortunately begged on the  
 Boulevard. When I heard she was taken up, I said to myself,  
 'Come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something  
 better.' I very much wished to become an artisan, but at last I  
 decided to look for a place; and I have found a very good one,  
 where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a  
 week. We also found a good woman, who, for these  
 will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle-  
 my sister." Lucille, clasping her hands, "Oh,  
 are James!" Magistrate to James: "My boy,  
 a very honourable. The court encourages you to  
 his course and you will prosper." The court then  
 nder us Lucille to James, and she was going from  
 r, when the magistrate, smiling, said,  
 liberty till to-morrow." James:

"Never mind, Lucilla, I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." To the magistrate—"I may kiss her, may I not, sir?" He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

#### GEORGE AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

A LITTLE boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone and could not step over anything that laid in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play very happy in the field.

I said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones which lie between us and the house?"

"O, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against them."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand that beautiful text—'He shall give angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift good people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Anna over these stones. Do you understand it now?"

"Oh, yes, sir; and I shall never forget it while I live."

#### THE FIVE PEACHES.

FARMER DAY brought five peaches from the city, the finest that were to be found. But this was the first time that the children had seen any fruit of the kind. So they admired and greatly rejoiced over the beautiful peaches, with red cheeks and soft pulps. The father gave one to each of his four sons, and the fifth to their mother.

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"If that is all that is necessary to be loved," thought she, "I will soon make everybody love me." Her father then mentioned a remark of the Rev. John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great masses, one of happiness and the other of misery ; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add all he could to that of happiness. "Now," said Susan, "I will begin to-morrow to make everybody happy. Instead of thinking all the time of myself, I will ask every minute what I can do for somebody else. Papa has often told me that this is the best way to be happy myself, and I am determined to try."

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#### A DELIGHTED MOTHER.

A MOTHER, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. She spoke tenderly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto you." Still, those little bright faces were bowed in silence. The question was repeated.

"I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only one of my schoolmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother."

The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl, who sat with me on the bench at school, has lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

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#### BROTHERLY LOVE.

A LITTLE boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "Oh, no, that cannot be," replied the child, "they are brothers."



A traveller, who was passing

ing by, being moved by his complaints, inquired the cause. "Alas!" replied the *MISER*, "I have sustained the most irreparable loss!—Some villain has robbed me of a sum of money which I buried, under this stone." "Buried!" returned the traveller, with surprise; "Why did you not rather keep it in your house, that it might be ready for your daily occasions?" "Daily occasions!" replied the *MISER*, with an air of much indignation; "Do you imagine I so little know the value of money? On the contrary, I had prudently resolved not to touch a single shilling of it." "If that was your wise resolution," answered the traveller, "it is but putting this stone in the place of your *TREASURE*, and it will answer all your purposes quite as well."

MORAL.

The miser, who conceals his wealth,  
But robs himself of peace and health;  
Far happier he, whose generous mind,  
To charitable deeds inclin'd,  
Has felt, when succouring the distress'd,  
That then he is supremely blest.

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EXTRAORDINARY AVARICE.

IN the year 1762, an extraordinary instance of avarice occurred in France. A miser, of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and the most discreditable extortion, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser, to whom a fair interest was not inducement sufficiently strong to enable

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very heart must have grown sick at that which once he so dearly loved!

Gold in bags ; gold in chests ; gold piled in heaps ; gold for a pillow ; gold strewed upon the ground for him to lie upon ! Whilst his taper lasted, turn where he would his eyes, nothing met them but his gold. But when the last flicker died away, and the miser was left in darkness to dwell upon his coming death, and upon his many sins, how awful must have been the agonies of conscience ! How surely, amidst the gloom of that sepulchre of gold, must the poor whom he had oppressed, and the unfortunate whom he had ruined by his avarice, have risen up to reproach him ; and, when the mind became fevered by its last deadly struggles, how the faces of haggard poverty, of hate and loathing for the miser, must, in one loud, discordant chorus, have cried for vengeance and retribution upon his guilty soul !

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JENNY LIND.

DURING the visit of this child of song to Bath, she happened to be walking with a friend in front of some alms-houses, into one of which she entered and sat down for a moment, ostensibly to rest herself, but in reality to find some excuse for doing an act of charity to the old woman who lived in it, and whom she had seen feeble and tottering at the door. The old woman, like the rest of her neighbours, was full of the Swedish Nightingale, whom she had heard was just then in Bath, entertaining with her voice all those who were so happy and fortunate as to be able to go to the theatre.

"For myself," said the old woman, "I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"And would it make you happy ?" inquired her visitor.

"Ay, that it would," answered the old woman ; "but such folks as I can't go to the playhouse, and so I shall never hear her."

"Don't be so sure of that," said the good-natured Jenny

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*I find that kings are happy but in this—that they have the power of doing good !”*

LOUIS XVI.

DURING the mock trial of Louis XVI., he was asked what he had done with a certain sum of money, a few thousand pounds. His voice failed him, the tears came into his eyes, as he said, “I had pleasure in making other people happy.” He had given the money away in charity.





FABLE LXIV.

### The Lion, the Fox, and the Gourd.

[FROM GAY.]

A LION, tired with state affairs,  
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,  
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)  
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd : the day was set :  
Behold the gen'ral council met :  
The Fox was viceroy named. The crowd  
To the new regent humbly bowed !  
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,  
And strive who most shall condescend.  
The crowd admire his wit, his sense :  
Each word hath weight and consequence.  
The flatterer all his art displays :  
He who hath power, is sure of praise.

A Fox stepped forth before the rest,  
And thus the servile throng addressed :—

“ How vast his talents, born to rule,  
And train'd in virtue's honest school !  
What clemency his temper sways !  
How uncorrupt are all his ways !  
Beneath his conduct and command  
Rapine shall cease to waste the land ;  
What blessings must attend the nation  
Under this good administration !”

He said. A Goose, who distant stood,  
Harangued apart the cackling brood :

“ Whene'er I hear a knave commend,  
He bids me shun his worthy friend.  
What praise ! what mighty commendation !  
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.  
Foxes this government may prize,  
As gentle, plentiful, and wise ;  
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain  
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.  
What havoc now shall thin our race !  
When every petty clerk in place,  
To prove his taste, and seem polite,  
Will feed on Geese both noon and night.”

MORAL.

Those flatter the plunderer who share in the spoil.



[The page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the document.]

"You, you are, if the darkness is  
in your heart." "Do you see me  
continually about me, would I  
were not convinced of my  
sin, that there are so  
many, and who, to prevent its  
shining in the midst  
there; but tell me,  
to suffer in a  
because the con-  
that must  
would

“Not be a courtier?” “Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves; besides I am neither knave, traitor, nor liar, and consequently have not the necessary qualities for succeeding in this fine employment.” “What are you then to seek for at my court?” “What I have not been able to find here; for I had imagined a king to be as much above other men, as a steeple is above common houses; but I have soon found that I have honoured them more than they deserve.”

The plain-spoken Bertholde, who could not condescend to flatter his king for the sake of sharing his favours, was obliged to leave the palace in a speedy manner. But having given the king several proofs of his great sagacity and judgment, he was invited back to court, and was actually made prime minister, in which office he rendered the king important services.





FARMER'S WIFE

THE FARMER'S WIFE IN THE MARKET

[THE GATE]

BETWEEN her swagging pannier's load  
A FARMER'S WIFE a market rode:  
And jogg'ing on with thoughtful care,  
Summing up the profits of her ware:  
When, starting from her silver dream,  
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:

"That RAVEN, on yon left-hand oak,  
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)  
Rodes me no good." No more she said,  
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,  
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,  
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.  
Now sprawling, in the yellow road,  
Fell curs'd; "Thou croaking toad!"

**A murrain take thy noisy throat!  
I knew misfortune in the note."**

" Dame," quoth the RAVEN, spare your oaths,  
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.  
But why on me, those curses thrown ?  
Goody, the fault was all your own ;  
For had you laid this brittle ware,  
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,  
Though all the RAVENS of the hundred  
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,  
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,  
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

#### MORAL.

**Weak minds are frightened at shadows.**

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#### THE ROBUST INVALID.

IN order to try the power of the imagination, three London physicians agreed to find some rugged and healthy man and see what effect their reiterated assurance that he was dangerously sick would produce. In the following manner they carried their concerted plan into execution. They went to a road passing over an extensive plain, and a road which was thronged with countrymen crowding into the metropolis. Proceeding along at considerable distances from each other, the first looked earnestly for some suitable subject for their experiment.

He did not proceed far, before he met a stout man driving a who appeared the very picture of health and strength. " Good morning, my friend," said the physician, " you look too well to be so hard at work, sir." " Sick," answered the countryman, " I never had a sick day in my life." " Indeed," said



FABLE LXV.

*The Farmer's Wife and the Raven*

[From GAY.]

BETWIXT her swagging pannier's load  
A FARMER'S WIFE to market rode  
And jogging on, with thoughtless  
Summ'd up the profits of her  
When, starting from her silver  
Thus far and wide was heard

Uncle, your father was a

But why on me, that came from

Goody, the fault was all your own.

For had you laid this brittle ware,

On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,

Though all the Ravens of the hundred

With croaking had your tongue outstretched

Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,

And you, good woman, snail your age.

Weak minds are frightened at shadows

#### THE BURNING OF THE

In order to try the power of the imagination, the physician agreed to shut out sight and touch, and the patient, that all his vital energies were before a very strong man, and he died with only a single drop of blood.

#### THE FARMER AND HIS WOUND.

A land farmer started on a very cold day and oxen into the forest, half a mile off, to chop wood. Having felled a team alongside, and commenced chopping, he brought the whole team down with a sidelong stroke. The

livered over to him an assassin, and his distinguished parents. The physicians who had taken an interest in the minister, that he should die on the scaffold, to the execution, and that the death should be by bloodletting. The minister counted himself happy in his position, which would otherwise have been at being thus enabled to die in the prison, and the patient had his eyes bound, and every day he was pricked near the principal point of a pen. At the time our little fountains, filled with cream, were falling into basins placed about the patient, thinking that it was blood, became weaker and weaker by the medical men in attendance in the appearance of the blood, (made up of the delusion, and he spoke more and his voice was at length scarcely audible.

which reigned in the apartment, and the fountain, had so extraordinary an effect on the patient, that all his vital energies were before a very strong man, and he died with only a single drop of blood.



ess. The king received the strangers with special favour, they displayed before him the presents with which they prepared. Among other things, was the marriage of Henry VIII and Catharine; represented in *tapestry*. When the king of Borneo saw the bluff figure of Henry, as large as life, he bade the Portuguese pack up their presents, take them aboard, and leave his dominions immediately. He knew, he thought, what they brought him these figures for; that ugly man was to come out in the night, cut off his head, and take possession of his dominions. There was no persuading him out of his imagination, and the Portuguese were compelled to abandon commercial speculation so auspiciously commenced.





FABLE LXVI.

*The Crow and the Pitcher.*

[FROM CROKALL.]

A CROW, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a PITCHER, which he beheld at some distance. When he came, he found water in it indeed, but so near the bottom, that, with all his stooping and straining, he was not able to reach it. Then he endeavoured to overturn the PITCHER, that so at least he might be able to get a little of it; but his strength was not sufficient for this. At last, seeing some pebbles lie near the place, he cast them, one by one, into the PITCHER; and thus, by degrees, raised the water up to the very brim, and satisfied his thirst.

MORAL.

Necessity is the mother of invention; and that, which cannot be accomplished by strength, may be achieved by ingenuity.

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INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.

Two boys chanced in a vacant hour to stray into the kitchen of a public house. They found a large blazing fire, and a box containing, as appeared by the inscription, a Welch fairy, but no

living creature besides. The boys, eager to view the dwarf, but by no means willing, or perhaps able, to pay for the sight, began to consult how they should get her out. Had they possessed the strength and agility of Phædrus' eagle, they would probably have taken his method of opening inclosures. But they had no wings. The lock, too, being on the inside, they could not force the door; what could they do? They hit on a stratagem which might have done honour to Polyænus. By joint efforts of strength, they moved the box so very nigh the fire, that the dwarf, from the increased heat, was obliged to open the door and favour them, *gratis*, with her wished-for presence.

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## CURRAN'S INGENUITY.

A FARMER attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the money, but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant; and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to recollection, and finally to the honour of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord privately, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me."

We must imagine and not commit to paper, the vociferations of the honest dupe, at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it, and returned to his legal friend.

"And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be any better for this, if I get my second hundred again. But how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he's home," said Thomas.

"Ay, sir, but asking won't do. He's afraid, without any way to see it my way," said the countryman.

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel: "do as I bid you and return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that sale again in his possession.

"Now, sir, I suppose I must be content—but I don't see as I'm much better off."

"Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel, with both hundreds in his pocket.

#### A BOY'S SCIENCE AND INGENUITY.

In the winter of 1790, as a number of boys were skating on a lake in Yorkshire, the ice happened to break at a considerable distance from the shore, and one of them fell in. No house was near, where ropes or the assistance of more aged hands could be procured, and the boys were afraid to venture forward to save their struggling companion, from a natural dread, that when the ice had given way, it might give way again, and involve more of them in jeopardy. In this alarming emergency, one of them, of more sagacity than the rest, suggested an expedient, which, for its scientific conception, would have done honour to the boyhood of a Watt or an Archimedes. He might probably remember having seen, that while a plank laid perpendicularly on thin ice will break through, the same plank, if laid horizontally along the ice, will be firmly borne, and afford even a safe footing; and applying, with great ingenuity and presence of mind, the obvious principle of this difference, to the danger before them, he proposed to his companions that they lay themselves flat along the ice, in a line, one

behind another, and each push forward the boy before him, till they reached the hole where their playmate was still plunging, heroically volunteering to be himself the first in the chain. The plan was instantly adopted ; and to the great joy of the boys, and their gallant leader, they succeeded in rescuing their companion from a watery grave, at the time when, overcome with his terror and exertions, he was unable to make another effort, and would have been lost. The boy thus saved was Reuben Percy.





PLATE 10

Mr. Fox and the Clerk

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At last, having taken a piece of cheese from the table, she rose up into a high tree with it, and when she was up, which she had never done and I never saw her do before, she began to compliment the Clerk upon the beauty of her beauty. "I protest," says she, "it is indeed a beauty, but your features are more beautiful than any that I ever saw in my life." "And I say," says she, "you have a beautiful voice." "I do not know," says she, "I have never been in competition with you in this very civil language." "I do not know," says she, "I hardly knew what I was saying."

particular of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in that matter, she began to sing, and, at the same instant, let the cheese drop out of her mouth. This being what the Fox wanted, he snapped it up in a moment; and trotted away, laughing to himself at the easy credulity of the Crow.

#### MORAL.

It is a maxim in the schools,  
"That Flattery's the food of fools;"  
And whoso likes such airy meat,  
Will soon have nothing else to eat.

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#### THE LAWYER WHO LOST HIS ORATION

IN the political struggle of 1848, two delegates from D—, New Hampshire—a lawyer and a tailor—started on their mission to the capital of that State together in a wagon. The tailor was quite as ardent a politician as his companion, albeit he was not so profound; but what he lacked in black learning and logic he made up in an abundant flow of words, set speeches, snatches of political orations, etc., which he had heard at different caucuses, and which his retentive memory hoarded up, ready to be delivered on fitting occasions. They had not proceeded far on their journey when the man of broadcloth asked his companion if he intended to make a speech, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, told him he should like to hear it, as he was all "cut and dried." Accordingly, our limb of broadcloth committed himself to this speech—the labour of more than eight—to our "snapper up of trifles," who, after applying it and criticising it a little, desired the lawyer to give it again, which was complied with. After





FABLE LXVIII.

### The Ambitious Goose.

[From the German of LESSING.]

Among the vexations, our tempers to try,  
Sure, vanity brings us the largest supply :  
'Tis a failing, though common, all find of no use :  
I hope no young gent, will e'er act like my Goose.

The fowl that I speak of, a—fine-looking bird,—  
(How much I regret she could be so absurd !)  
Was so plump and so fat, of white plumage profuse  
That she look'd like a very respectable Goose.

But it was not sufficient, in her silly mind,  
To act well in the station by Nature assigned ;  
She envied the SWANS, and she fled (with abuse)  
From her more humble tribe.—What a vain, giddy,  
GOOSE !



To the lake then she waddled, and joining the SWAN,  
She stretch'd out her neck, and she tried to be one.  
But such laughter and scorn did her efforts produce,  
All the birds in the air mocked the poor, silly Goose.

An owl, who sat near, (for 'twas late in the day,)  
Did, with wisdom and truth, and much gravity, say :  
" By your freaks of ambition, and folly let loose,  
You're not only no SWAN, but a very bad Goose.

---

JOSEPH VELLA.

ONE of the most extraordinary literary impostures on record, is that of Joseph Vella, who in 1794, was an adventurer in Sicily, and pretended that he possessed seventeen of the lost books of Livy in Arabic : he had received this literary treasure, he said, from a Frenchman who had purloined it from a shelf in St. Sophia's Church at Constantinople. As many of the Greek and Roman classics had been translated by the Arabians, and many were first known in Europe in their Arabian dress, there was nothing improbable in one part of his story. He was urged to publish these long desired books ; and Lady Spencer, then in Italy, offered to defray the expenses. He had the effrontery, by way of specimen, to edit an Italian translation of the sixtieth book, but that took up no more than one octavo page ! A professor of Oriental literature in Prussia, introduced it in his work, not even suspecting the fraud ; it proved to be nothing more than an epitome of Florus. He also gave out that he possessed a code which he had picked up in the Abbey of St. Martin, containing the ancient history of Sicily in the Arabian period, comprehending above two hundred years ; and of which ages their own historians were entirely deficient in knowledge. Vella declared he had a genuine official correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their superiors in Africa,



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 SWANS, and she fled (with abuse)  
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FABLE LXIX

### The Vain Jackdaw.

[FROM CHIFFALL.]

A PRAGMATICAL JACKDAW was vain enough to imagine that he wanted nothing but the coloured plumes, to become as elegant a bird as the PEACOCK. Puffed up with this wise conceit, he dressed himself in some of the most beautiful feathers, and, in this borrowed dress, forsaking his old companions, endeavoured to mix with the elegant birds: but he no sooner attempted to strut and swagger among the elegant birds, than an affected strut exposed him as a pretender.

The PEACOCKS, plucking from him their borrowed feathers, soon stripped him of his finery, and left him a mere JACKDAW, and drove him back

to his brethren ; by whom he was now equally despised and justly punished with derision and contempt.

MORAL.

False pretensions are sure of detection.

---

SEMIRAMIS AND HER MOCK ELEPHANTS.

SEMIRAMIS, having, it is said, extended her dominion widely over Western Asia, till even Bactria was comprehended within it, and having been informed that India was the most populous, the most wealthy, and the most beautiful of kingdoms, determined to employ all the resources of her empire in attempting its conquest. Only two circumstances made this great undertaking appear impracticable. One was the broad and rapid stream of the Indus, without any vessels fitted for the passage ; the other was the strength and formidable character of the Indian war elephants, the very aspect of which struck terror into troops unaccustomed to their presence. To supply these deficiencies, the queen adopted the most decisive measures. She engaged naval architects from Phœnicia, Cyprus, and other maritime districts ; and, as proper materials were not to be found on the banks of the Indus, she caused vessels suited to the navigation of that river to be constructed at Bactria, and thence conveyed overland. For supplying the want of elephants, a still more singular plan was devised by her. Three hundred thousand oxen were slain, and their hides formed into the shape of the huge animals to be represented, within which camels and men were introduced as the moving power. After three years spent in these extraordinary preparations, the queen sent forward her armies, which some writers describe as numbering several millions of combatants ; but the narrative of Ctesias, doubtless still much exaggerated, estimates them at three hundred thousand foot, and five hundred thousand horse, while two thousand boats and the mock elephants were conveyed on the

backs of camels. Stabrobates, the Indian king, was ready to meet them on the bank of the river, with four thousand boats, made from the canes and reeds which grew in abundance on the marshy borders. At the same time he collected from the various districts of India, an army even greater than that of Semiramis, supported by a very numerous band of elephants. The two powers encountered first in the river-stream, where the queen gained a decided advantage, sinking many of the enemy's boats, and obtaining possession of both shores. She then threw over the Indus a spacious bridge, by which the whole army passed, and advanced against the enemy. In front the pretended elephants, ranged in order of battle, formed a spectacle, which being wholly unexpected, somewhat surprised and appalled the Indian troops; but, having learned by means of deserters, the real composition of these seemingly formidable creatures, Stabrobates prepared fearlessly to encounter them. While the contest lay between the cavalry, it inclined to the side of Assyria; but as soon as the real and mighty war-elephants, on the most powerful of which the king himself was mounted, rushed to the attack, the artificial semblances opposed to them, wholly unable to sustain the charge, were soon broken in pieces, and the camels, relieved of their loads of skins, fled in dismay, and, being pursued, were many of them trampled under foot. The whole army was completely routed, and Semiramis returned home with hardly a third of her forces.



FABLE LXX.

*The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.*

[From GAY.]

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye  
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,  
From this small speck of earth were sent  
Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;  
For every thing alive complained,  
That he the hardest life sustained.  
Jove calls his EAGLE ; at the word  
Before him stands the royal bird.  
The obedient bird, from heaven's height,  
Downward directs his happy flight ;  
Then cited every living thing,  
To hear the mandates of his king.

“ Ungrateful creatures ! whence arise  
These murmurs, which offend the skies ?  
Why this disorder ? say the cause ;  
For just are Jove's eternal laws :  
Let each his discontent reveal ;  
To you, sour Dog, I first appeal.”

ROLE AND ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

"This is my lot," the Horned replies:

"That best serves the GREYHOUND, HES:

"Be it with heavy step and slow,

"Through dale and vale, and mountain's go;

"No nothing need my chase begun,

"For I am in the setting sun."

"This all is the GREYHOUND," [purrs,

"There is no daylight in view:

"So I am sure the day's secure:

"The GREYHOUND is slow, he always slips,

"And I am this voracious scent,

"And you shall hear my discontent."

The hawk views the Fox's art:

The Fox, the Hawk's force and heart.

The Hawk undid the Pigeon's flight,

Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;

The Pigeon, strength of wing despised,

And the Hawk's matchless valour prized;

The Fishes wished to cross the plain;

The Pigeon to skim beneath the main.

Thus, envious of another's state,

Damned the partial hand of fate.

"Bird of heaven then cried aloud,

"Disperse the murm'ring crowd;

"Rejects your idle prayers:

"Rebellious mutineers!

Entirely change your name and nature,  
And be the very envied creature ?  
What, silent all ; and none consent ?  
Be happy then, and learn content ;  
Nor imitate the restless mind  
And proud ambition of mankind."

## MORAL.

Every one thinks his own condition the hardest.

---

## THE BLACK EWE.

Some time ago, as a gentleman was passing over one of the extensive downs in the West of England, about mid-day, where a large flock of sheep were feeding, and observing the shepherd sitting by the roadside preparing to eat his dinner, he stopped his horse, and entered into conversation with him to this effect : " Well, shepherd, you look cheerful and contented, and I dare say have very few cares to vex you. I, who am a man of pretty large property, cannot but look at such men as you, with a kind of envy." " Why, sir," replied the shepherd, " tis true I have not troubles like yours, and I could do well enough, was it not for that black ewe that you see yonder amidst the flock. I have often begged my master to kill or sell her ; but he won't, though she is the plague of my life ; for no sooner do I sit down to look at my book, or take up my wallet to eat my dinner, but away she starts over the down, and the rest follow her, so that I have many a weary step after them. There, you see she's off, and the rest are after her !" " Ah, friend," said the gentleman to the shepherd before he started, " I see every man has a black ewe in his flock as well as me !" The reader can make the application.



IN HAMBURG DATE

THE BANKER

...making term of Leyland,  
...in the fall of  
...the wealthiest man in  
...him came to  
...hundred thousand pounds, or  
...he was passing  
...the home of his  
...although a  
...two or three  
...into decay—as  
...were haunted by  
...windows affording  
...counted no  
...of pic-  
...never hung them up,  
...as they did. During  
...the wall. For  
...ago he  
...greatly im-  
...him, and it  
...he was induced to  
...hundred pounds.  
...was according to him  
...You are happier,  
...but you  
...but I have had  
...with you?"



FABLE LXXI.

**Hercules and the Carter.**

[FROM CROXALL.]

As a clownish fellow was driving his cart along a deep miry lane, the wheels stuck so fast in the clay, that the horses could not draw them out. Upon this, he fell a bawling and praying to **HERCULES** to come and help him. **HERCULES**, looking down from a cloud, bid him not lie there, like an idle rascal as he was, but get up and whip his horses stoutly, and clap his shoulder to the wheel ; adding, that this was the only way for him to obtain his assistance.

MORAL.

Heaven helps those who help themselves.

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when they were one month old, for threepence each ; so, by this he had his sixpence again, and four rabbits besides.

The following year he went to service, and gave the rabbits to his parents. He, however, rented a large piece of land for raising potatoes ; this piece yielded him sixty bushels, which he sold at three shillings per bushel, and having saved ten shillings out of his wages, he had therefore, nine pounds ten shillings in his possession. The death of his father, whose funeral expenses cost him two pounds ten shillings, reduced his money to seven pounds.

In the following year he rented half an acre of land for potatoes, which cost him three pounds four shillings ; this piece yielded him fifty bushels, which he disposed of at three shillings per bushel. The amount added to four pounds sixteen shillings, which he had in hand, and saved one pound out of his wages, came to thirty pounds four shillings.

The next year he lent out twenty pounds at interest, at five per cent. ; with the rest he rented two acres of land, which yielded three hundred and twelve bushels. The produce he sold at two shillings and sixpence per bushel, which, added to the other twenty pounds, and its interest, and one pound ten shillings laid up out of his wages, came to sixty-one pounds ten shillings.

Next year he lent out forty pounds, at the same interest as before ; with the remainder he rented two acres of land, which produced three hundred and twenty bushels of potatoes. These he sold at three shillings per bushel, which, added to fifty pounds, and its interest, and two pounds laid up out of his wages, came to one hundred and two pounds ten shillings. But having to pay a man one pound ten shillings for raising his potatoes, his money was reduced to one hundred and one pounds.

About this time he left service, married, and rented a small farm ; and, by constant perseverance, and making a right use of his property, he soon became the most opulent farmer in the neighbourhood, and died worth more than fifty thousand pounds.



boy, he became one of the wealthiest men in New York, and mayor of the city.

---

“ROW ON.”

“For the first five years of my professional life,” once said a gentleman, “I had to row against wind, and stream and tide.”

“And what did you do?”

“Do,” replied he, “do—why, I rowed on to be sure.”

And so he did row on, and to a good purpose too, until he came to the open sea, took favourable breezes, and brought his voyage to a most successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation for worth and wisdom, impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived, and obtaining an immortality worth more than a monarch's crown in the respectful memory of thousands.



FABLE LXXII.

**The Ass and the Lamb.**

[From the Polish of KRASINSKI.]

“How hard is my fate!  
What sorrows await,”  
Said the Ass to the SHEEP, “my deplorable state!

Cold, naked, ill-fed,  
I sleep in a shed,  
Where the snow, wind, and rain come in over my head

All this day did I pass  
In a yard without grass:—  
What a pity that I was created an Ass!

“My master,—he sat  
By the fire, with the Cat;  
And you do, contented and fat.

“I have nice green wool,  
And a goodly tail;  
—ay, more than the bull.”

“How can you pretend,”  
Said her poor bleating friend,  
“To complain? Let me silence to you recommend.

My sorrows are deep,”  
Continued the SHEEP,  
And her eyes look'd as if she were ready to weep.

“I expect,—’tis no fable,—  
To be dragged from the stable,  
And, to-morrow, perhaps, cut up for the table.

Now you—with docility,  
Strength, and civility,—  
Will live some years longer in all probability.

So, no envy, I beg,  
For I'll bet you an egg,  
You will carry the spinach to eat with my leg.”

MORAL.

The situation of those we envy is often much worse  
than our own.

---

AN AFFECTING CONTRAST—THE RICH NOT ALWAYS TO  
BE ENVIED.

—accompanied a friend, wrote the Rev. S. Kilpin, in  
the princely abode of a certain nobleman, and was  
with the splendour of the place. The castle stood  
of a beautiful river, the water of which, as it rushed  
large fragments of an old bridge, glittered in the sun  
warder opened the massy gate at the lodge —



we descended in an avenue hewn through the solid rock, whose sides were thickened with indifferent shrubs and lichens. The towers and bastlements were high and strong; the smoothly dressed walls white and green; the pleasure grounds extensive; and the forest, dark and fat, the branches of the goodly cedars, swept gracefully in every ground.

But if the outside of the castle was fair to gaze upon, the inside of it was still more worthy of attention. Almost every room was ornamented with valuable paintings, hung with curious tapestry, and adorned with costly vases; statues of marble stood in niches in the hall, and in the avenues leading from one apartment to another; the armoury was filled with coats of mail, helmets, swords and various ancient instruments of warfare; and some thousands of volumes were arranged in the library. The park and garden of the whole were enough to make any one believe that the possessor of such a mansion must be a rich man: and yet, at the moment that I was walking through his castle, he himself was not permitted to enter it! His constitution was decayed; his conduct had diminished his resources, so that his own castle was, for a season, closed against him. How could he be rich or happy who had neither health of body nor peace of mind?





FABLE LXXIII.

The Bull and the Mastiff.

[From GAY.]

As on a time in peaceful reign,  
A BULL enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,  
A MASTIFF pass'd ; inflam'd with ire,  
His eye-balls shot indignant fire ;  
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,  
And roar'd aloud, "Suspend the fight ;

In whole skin go sleep to-night ;  
me, ere the battle rage,  
trongs provoke thee to engage ?  
ambition fires thy breast ?  
e'er can rest ?  
unjustly springs  
ing wrath of kings."

The surly **MASTIFF** thus returns :  
 ‘ Within my bosom glory burns ;  
 Like heroes of eternal name,  
 Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.  
 The butcher’s spirit-stirring mind,  
 To daily war my youth inclin’d ;  
 He train’d me to heroic deed ;  
 Taught me to conquer or to bleed.”

“ Ours’d Dog !” the **BULL** replied, “ no more  
 I wonder at thy thirst of gore ;  
 For thou (beneath a butcher train’d,  
 Whose hands with cruelty are stain’d,  
 His daily murders in thy view)  
 Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.  
 Take, then thy fate !”—With goring wound  
 At once he lifts him from the ground ;  
 Aloft the sprawling hero flies,—  
 Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

#### MORAL.

’Tis education forms the youthful mind ;  
 As the twig’s bent, so is the tree inclin’d :  
 For what we learn in youth, to that alone,  
 In age, we are by second nature prone.

#### EARLY HABITS AND THE RUINED SON.

AN only son of pious and respectable parents, says a writer in the *Christian Watchman*, was sent to school in a neighbouring village. He gave early intimations of the truth of Solo-

mon's remark, in Prov. 29, xv. Reports of his improper conduct, reached the ears of his parents, whose fond hearts were pierced with sorrow, and called forth repeated expostulations.

I was present one day when he received a letter from them, written in the bitterness of parental grief. They told him of their anxiety, their sleepless nights, their tears and prayers in his behalf. They warned him of his danger; they implored him to listen to the counsel of an affectionate father, a kind, but heart-broken mother. The son read the letter soberly; sat for a moment in deep thought, and the muscles of his face betrayed the workings of a troubled conscience. Suddenly springing upon his feet, and with a look of ineffable contempt, he dashed the letter into the fire, exclaiming—"There, now, let the old man and woman warn, write letters, pray and whine; it is of no use; *a good whipping, well laid on, ten years ago, would have done more to save me!*"

While on a journey in September, 1834, I met this same only son on the public road. He was reeling with intoxication, and pouring forth a torrent of profane and obscene language. Memory instantly reverted to his early days, and to his pious, though misjudging parents, who have since entered their rest.

He was the only son; indulgent to him, he formed habits which he suffered to grow, until he gave himself up entirely to their sway.

#### EDMUND BURKE'S EARLY HABITS--WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.

RICHARD BURKE was found in a reverie shortly after an ordinary session of the House of Commons. He was asked by his brother-in-law, who was a friend as to the cause, reason, and effect of the war, what Ned has contrived to do for the family; but then again, I was told, "he was always at work." It was the fact, that Richard Burke, with all his talents, to his brother's credit, while the other died

“WELL, I’M GLAD TO SEE YOU, YOUNG MAN,  
 WE’VE BEEN THE LUCKY WORK.”

### “NEVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD.”

“HOW DID YOU SAY THAT?” “These words affected me deeply.  
 They were a great comfort to me, for I was a prisoner here, from a  
 young man about twenty-five years of age, of good form and  
 strong, the appearance of a university and trembling from  
 the effects of imprisonment. “When were you brought in  
 here?” “Yesterday.” “What were you doing?” “Drunkness  
 and robbery.” “Where are you from?” “Philadel-  
 phia.” “What was your occupation there?” “Some years  
 ago I was a servant, then a soldier’s servant, but I fell into  
 the hands of a man who was my master. Then I tried pickpocketing books.  
 “When I was here and became acquainted, and was taken  
 up and put in jail.” “Were you religiously brought up?”  
 “Not by my parents, but I had religious instruction in the  
 Sunday School.” “Then you have attended Sunday School?”  
 “Yes, sir.” “What were your first steps away?” “Going  
 down in the evening, and talking with me into the country on  
 Sunday.” “Did you ever go on these excursions?”  
 “Sometimes we did, sometimes we did not.” “Have you been  
 in the habit of praying to God?” “Never, since I was a  
 child.”

### “YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.”

“of his personal history, gives  
 “If it should ever fall to the  
 let such readers remember  
 recollect in my manhood  
 in my youth;  
 I have felt pinched  
 would this moment  
 and fortune to acquire,

if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

---

LOUIS XIV.

LOUIS XIV. in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, felt his own deficiencies, and often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction ; he is said to have exclaimed—" Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainbleau ?" He thus plainly showed his conviction that it had been better to suffer a frequent punishment in his boyhood, than to suffer the worse consequences of youthful idleness.



FABLE LXXIV.

*The Tentyrites and the Ichneumon.*

[FROM DODGELEY.]

A CROCODILE of prodigious size, and uncommon fierceness, infested the banks of the Nile, and spread desolation through all the neighbouring country. He seized the shepherd, together with the sheep, and devoured the herdsman as well as the cattle. Emboldened by success, and the terror which prevailed wherever he appeared, he ventured to carry his incursions even into the island of Tentyra, and to brave the people, who boast themselves the only tamers of his race. The TENTYRITES themselves were struck with horror at the appearance of a monster so much more terrible than they had ever seen before; even the boldest of them dared not to attack him openly; and the most experienced long endeavoured, with all their art and address, to surprise him, but in vain.

As they were consulting together what they should do in these circumstances, an ICHNEUMON stepped forth, and thus addressed him:—I perceive your distress,

neighbours ; and though I cannot assist you in the present difficulty, yet I can offer you some advice that may be of use to you for the future. A little prudence is worth all your courage : it may be glorious to overcome a great evil, but the wisest way is to prevent it. You despise the CROCODILE while he is small and weak ; and do not sufficiently consider, that he is a long-lived animal, so it is his peculiar property to grow as long as he lives. You see I am a poor, little, feeble creature ; yet am I much more terrible to the CROCODILE, and more useful to the country, than you are. I attack him in the egg ; and while you are contriving, for months together, how to get the better of one CROCODILE, and all to no purpose, I effectually destroy fifty of them in a day."

## MORAL.

This Fable, dear boys, is intended to show  
The danger of suffering ill habits to grow ;  
For the vice of a week may be conquer'd, 'tis clear  
Much easier than if it went on for a year.

---

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY REFORMED.

It was agreed between a father and mother of my acquaintance, that the father should furnish Charles with spending money, as both were in the habit of giving, and sometimes gave too much. Charles soon after asked his mother for money, who referred him to his father, stating to him the arrangement. He was very angry, and said he would throw himself out of the





FABLE LXXV.

*The Proud Frog.*

[FROM DODSLEY.]

A FROG, being wonderfully struck with the size and majesty of an Ox that was grazing in the marshes, could not forbear endeavouring to expand herself to the same portly magnitude.

After puffing and swelling for some time, "What think you, sister?" said she; "Would this do?" "Far from it." "Will this?" "By no means." "But this, surely, will?" "Nothing like it."

In short, after many ridiculous efforts to the same fruitless purpose, the simple FROG burst her skin, and miserably expired upon the spot.

MORAL.

Attempting what is out of our power, only exposes us to ridicule and contempt.

---

PYRRHUS AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was making great preparation for his intended expedition into Italy, Cineas, the philoso-

But, took a favourable opportunity of addressing him thus:—  
 "The Romans, sir, are reputed to be a warlike and victorious  
 people: but if you permit us to overcome them, what use shall  
 we make of the victory?" "Thou askest," answered Pyrrhus,  
 "a thing that is self-evident. The Romans once conquered, no  
 use will rest us: we shall then be masters of all Italy."  
 Cineas smiled, "and having subdued Italy, what shall we do  
 next?" Pyrrhus, not seeming aware of his intentions, replied,  
 "My next step stretches out her arms to receive us." "That is  
 very probable," said Cineas: but will the possession of Sicily  
 put an end to the war?" "God grant us success in that," an-  
 swered the king, "and we shall make these only the forerunners  
 of greater things: for then Lybia and Carthage will soon be  
 ours; and these things being completed, none of our enemies  
 can offer any farther resistance." "Very true," added Cineas,  
 "for then we may easily regain Macedon, and make an absolute  
 conquest of Greece; and, when all these are in our possession,  
 what shall we do then?" Pyrrhus, smiling answered—"Why,  
 then, my dear friend, we will live at our ease, drink all day long,  
 and amuse ourselves with cheerful conversation." "Well, sir,"  
 said Cineas, "and why may we not do all this now, and with-  
 out the labour and hazard of an enterprise so laborious and un-  
 successful? I am, however, unwilling to take the advice of the  
 king, who is already engaged in these ambitious pursuits, and  
 to follow him."



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1. The first part of the report is a general statement of the purpose and scope of the investigation. It is followed by a description of the methods used in the study. The results of the investigation are then presented in a series of tables and figures. The final part of the report is a discussion of the results and a conclusion.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methods used in the study. It includes a description of the experimental apparatus, the procedures used in the study, and the methods used for data analysis.

3. The third part of the report is a presentation of the results of the investigation. It includes a series of tables and figures that show the data obtained from the study. The results are presented in a clear and concise manner, making it easy for the reader to understand the findings of the study.

4. The fourth part of the report is a discussion of the results and a conclusion. It discusses the implications of the findings of the study and provides a summary of the conclusions that were reached. The discussion also includes a comparison of the results of the study with those of other studies in the field.



